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WHY JAPAN WILL WIN.

Why and how Japan is succeeding in the war with Russia has quite taken the place of all other Far Eastern questions in the public mind. In the early stages of the war the situation was very different: then there were only a few who admitted even to themselves that Japan could make any, much less a good, showing against her gigantic adversary. After the naval successes, it was admitted that at sea Japan could more than hold her own; but the unknown possibilities of the military forces on land were regarded with doubt. The land campaign has, however, been conclusive enough to convince even the most obdurate adherents of Russia that for Russia the struggle is hopeless, and that all that remains is an honorable withdrawal by the Tsar and his Government of their former demands. There still are to be found a few who, pointing to the great resources—largely undeveloped—and the vast population—almost wholly uneducated—of Russia in Europe and in Asia, declare that nothing can ultimately avail against such power. But with this minority it is not necessary to deal. The future must demonstrate even to them that the enormously powerful and aggressive Russia, fit bugbear for any nation, must be stripped of her military panoply and given over to the education of her peoples to learn wherein lies a nation's real force. If they be true friends of Russia, if they feel with the Russian people, they will rejoice that there is some hope of the Russian nation fulfilling its destiny in its true way, unhampered by the fetters imposed upon it by a venial bureaucracy and an intolerant Church. That Russia has a great future in store for her no one can deny, and only by her own action is the day postponed when she shall take the first step along that path of education which alone can lead her to ultimate greatness. Without education Russia can but be an inverted pyramid, without stability, without any promise of solidarity. When the head of the Russian nation, be he autocratic Tsar or constitutional monarch, can look over his land and see on every side the children of the

country going as freely to school as do those of the United States or Japan, then may he take heart and know that Russia can for the first time rightfully take her place among the foremost nations of the world. And so it is that, after less than nine months of war, the question of the day has become, not "Will Japan win?" but "How and why?" If it be permitted to speak paradoxically, the answer is simply that Japan will win because she has already achieved victory! This seemingly bold statement becomes more capable of comprehension when we remember what are the reasons and objects of the war. It is useless to hold any idea that Japan seeks to annihilate her enemy, or to crush Russia at home; to occupy Moscow or even Irkutsk. There has never been any ground for such supposition, and yet in this case alone would Russia's greatest acquisite, territorial vastness, be of value to her. There is ground for the belief that an invasion of Russia by any Power would be, must be, doomed to failure, except under the most exceptional conditions. An insane Government or a nation led by madmen might attempt or dream of such a war, but Japan is not governed by madmen. Far from it! There has never been the slightest uncertainty in the minds of the Japanese statesmen and people as to what the war was about, and what results had to be attained thereby. Russian generals may have talked glibly about signing treaties of peace in Tokio, but there is no instance recorded of a Japanese vaunt of negotiations in the Russian capital. Japan went to war with Russia for certain definite reasons, and the accomplishing of these she considers should be taken to constitute success. Japan stands in this war as the advocate of the high principles of justice, freedom, and Christian civilization. She stands for education against ignorance, for freedom of religion against religious intolerance. Truly she is fighting the battle of all that is highest in our Western civilization, even against our wishes it would seem, so difficult do the Western nations find it to keep up to those principles, which they profess their missionaries teach, and leave to an Asiatic country to defend. It was of vital interest for Japan to secure Korea from the Russian domination which was threatening it, and also to take such steps in Manchuria and in Korea as should prevent Russia from being able to menace Japan permanently. Secondly, there was the question of influence over China, which depended on the comparative prestige of the two nations, the possession of Manchuria largely deciding this. Russia had taken Manchuria, temporarily or permanently, from China. If Japan could give back to China the ancient tombs of the Manchu dynasty and at least part of Manchuria, there could be no doubt as to which nation would have the dominating influence in China. This is clearly shown by a letter of Li-Hung-Chang published in the *Times*. Li-Hung-Chang was as thoroughly Russian a Chinaman as any member of that nation can ever become foreign, and yet the following quotation shows that he regarded the matter with an undecided mind. "Wait until you can be sure, and then back the winner," was his sage advice.

"In the event of war," he wrote, "should things take an unfavorable turn for the Japanese, it will be our business to join the Russians and help them to crush the Japanese, thus establishing a claim upon the gratitude of Russia, who, retaining Korea for herself, will give back Manchuria to China. If, on the other hand, the Russians are unable to withstand the Japanese, we can join with the latter and help them to drive the Russians out of Manchuria. Thus we shall get back Manchuria without running any grave

risks, whilst in present circumstances it might be difficult for us to recover possession of it."

The Chinese people as a whole, it is worth observing, agree with Li-Hung-Chang.

It is not difficult, when once it is understood what the war was and is about, and what results were expected by the Japanese, to see that Japan has already practically obtained all that she is fighting for. Korea is under her protection; Manchuria proper has been cleared of Russians to Mukden; battle after battle has demonstrated to the Chinese the superiority of Japan, and at the present moment the immediate peril to Japan of Russia as an armed neighbor has been rendered very slight. And, strive how she will, it is very difficult to imagine that Russia can undo any of these things. In the field nothing more can be done by Russia except under very different conditions. Oyama and Kuropatkin south of Mukden have settled finally the question of the possibility of a Russian advance south. Such an advance would only have a chance of success were Kuropatkin able to dispose of such an overwhelming preponderance of numbers as is quite out of the question for Russia to send and to maintain in Manchuria. The effect upon the Chinese of the Japanese successes may be judged by the nonchalant way in which the Chinese Government dealt with M. Lessar's protest against the seizure of the Russian destroyer at Chifu. Especially efficacious has been the slow but sure reduction of Port Arthur, because here a question of principle is involved. The Peking correspondent of the *Times* also bears testimony to the commercial part of Japan's victory:—

The Japanese have certainly obtained a position in the empire superior to that secured by any other nation. Japanese agents are active in all the provinces, and Japanese travellers are to be met with even in such remote provinces as Yunnan and Sze-chuan, and right away in Kashgaria. Chinese are also proceeding in large numbers to Japan, and nearly every week we hear of the departure of fresh batches of students, many of them of a superior class, well born and well connected. There is also a continuous immigration of Japanese into China. The Chinese at present are more closely in contact with the Japanese than with any other foreigners.

As far as the military part of the war is concerned, Japan can more than hold her own with Russia. There may be talk of second and third Russian armies, but Japan can raise man for man with her adversary, and can place the men in the field in a fourth of the time. She need thus never despatch her extra troops until the Russians have been some time on the way —a considerable saving. Above all, she can feed all her troops, even should she place a million men in the field. It is doubtful whether Russia can feed and maintain 500,000 men.

Dissension in high quarters has had much to do with the absolute failure of the Russian strategy. Mr. Millard, an American correspondent who has been with the Russian Manchurian army since the war began, wrote in July:—

The Russian Commander-in-Chief has had more handicaps than numerical weakness, a strategically difficult position, and a lack of support in certain high quarters. It is not to be wondered at that of late his temper has become so irritable that even his chief lieutenants hesitate to approach him. As for General Kuropatkin's relations with the Viceroy, they are no longer even outwardly amiable. All pretence has been thrown aside, and the whole army knows that the Commanding General and the Viceroy hold no communication with each other beyond what is absolutely necessary. As will readily be understood, this knowledge

does not tend to increase the general *moral.*

Writing upon the Russian chances of success, Mr. Millard said:—

The beginning of the rainy season finds the Russian army still at a decided disadvantage, and with no very promising prospect, that I can see, of any material improvement by the time operations are resumed. There seems little probability that General Kuropatkin will be able to obtain a numerical superiority over his opponents for many months to come, if ever. And until he does gain such superiority he will have to remain on the defensive, in a situation more or less difficult from a military standpoint. . . .

It is entirely too soon to predict the outcome of this war, but the man who can feel optimistic over the prospects for the success of the Russian army in Manchuria must give greater credit to favorable staff reports than I, after some months on the scene, am able to do.

The value of this evidence from within the Russian army, by a man who is in sympathy with the Russian Commander-in-Chief, and who had seen three months of the war when he wrote, is great. If necessary, there is also much evidence from other sources to demonstrate the impossibility of the Russian soldiers succeeding in the future where they have failed in the past. The letters of the late General Count Keller contain much information concerning the conduct of the troops and the organization of the army. He wrote that whole regiments were without uniforms or proper clothes, others had no boots, the deficiency of the sanitary arrangements was appalling, and confusion was general. Another officer's letters from the front contained the following pregnant passage:—

Given equal numbers on either side, there is on our part—on the staff, at any rate—no hope of absolute and indisputable victory after the refusal of the Twenty-second Regiment to attack at Tuirencheng, and after the terrible havoc wrought by the Japanese artillery at Wafangkau.

Evidence might be piled upon evidence. As far as stores are concerned, what can be hoped from a country wherein there is always doubt felt as to whether a letter posted will reach its destination or not? How much more uncertain must be the carriage of all kinds of stores over thousands of miles! Even the Red Cross supplies paid for by the Imperial family are reported to have been tampered with. This uncertainty of integrity in the supply of munitions is in itself a serious handicap to the Russian armies. Corruption amongst contractors in Russia seems to be almost as rife as it was in China before the war of 1894. It is, on the other hand, a remarkable refutation of the current stories of Japanese lack of commercial morality that there has not been from first to last even the breath of a suspicion of dishonest dealing amongst the Government contractors. This crowning proof should demolish for good and all what has at best been only an accusation based on past conditions. As to the organization and conduct of the Japanese troops, there is a universal chorus of praise. Everything is of the best, and best of all is the human unit. There has been in the past carping criticism, largely due to the despatches of unhappy war correspondents, of the generalship; but the last battles have effectually removed this unjust reproach. To those who cried out against the apparent slowness of the Japanese movements, the success of the armies under Marquis Oyama is sufficient answer. Beyond the necessary precaution which is the foundation of sure success, the totally different topographical conditions render it quite impossible to judge this war by the standard of others. In Manchuria

there are no roads, there are literally thousands of watercourses to be crossed, the rain transforms the plains into seas of mud, and the hills are so arduous that the Russian artillery found it impossible during times of peace, when brigand-hunting formed the sole diversion, to avoid working their horses to death in a two-days' march.

Although Japan has practically won all that she is fighting for, there is no guarantee that the war will cease in the immediate future. No nation humbled in its military pride likes to make peace; and so there is every possiblity that Russia will continue to make war although she has no chance of success. That the Japanese regard a long war as at least probable may be gathered both from their preparations and from the message of the Japanese Emperor to his people, which runs:—

> Since the commencement of hostilities our army and navy have displayed conspicuous loyalty and bravery, and with the officials and people, with united minds, complying with our instructions, we have hitherto steadily advanced by progressive steps.
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> Nevertheless, our prospects of final success are still distant. I earnestly hope that the sincerity of the national spirit will enable us to realize our final object.

This message is a distinct contrast to the bombastic proclamation with which the Russian Government burdened Kuropatkin on the eve of his attempt to retake Liao-yang. Granted that the war will drag on its course through weary months, until Russia finally comes to see the uselessness of it all, it then becomes of interest to examine how the two nations are fitted financially, nationally, and economically for this test.

First and foremost, the Japanese have the enormous advantage arising from the fact that the whole of the nation is unanimous upon this question of the war, and full of determination to carry it to a successful termination. On the other side, even amongst the people of Russian blood, there are many who would rejoice were the war to terminate, even without any Russian victory. Then the conquered races situated within the Empire, the Poles, the Finns, the Georgians, the Armenians, all these look upon Russia's defeat as the forerunner of better things for them. Hopes of freedom are aroused, and these subject races cannot be numbered amongst the resources of Russia. Those resources of Russia!—how much is spoken of them, and how little is seen! They remind us of the Humbert millions in the famous safe. The fable of the mountain in labor producing a mouse has its counterpart in Russia striving with this war. And the unfortunate Russian mouse has to run several thousands of miles before it can get to work. A divided people against a people unanimous means everything in favor of the latter, and in this respect Japan holds an advantage which is hard to over-estimate.

Then, again, the relative cost of the war must not be forgotten. Russia's bill is three times as great as that of Japan, and she has not even the satisfaction of being sure that much of the money spent does not go into the hands of fraululent contractors or officials. This freedom from corruption is another strong point in favor of Japan. A well-known authority upon Russia wrote recently:—

> The war is a terrible drain on the financial resources of the Empire. The savings of a number of years are being lavished in the span of a few months, after the lapse of which a cheque has to be drawn upon future economy. It is roughly calculated that during the first five months the needs of the campaign have swallowed up $431,014,668. In order to realize what this sum means, one would do well to remember

that it is nearly equal to all the receipts taken by the State from direct and indirect taxation. It is obvious, then, that one year of war must entail the expenditure of a sum equal to at least twice the revenue obtained by the Treasury from all sources of taxation. But as the current expenses of the administration continue and have also to be met, it follows that during one year of war the Government must spend three times more than it receives from the population during that time.

Baron Kaneko, dealing with the same subject as affecting Japan, writes:—

As the fixed monthly revenue of the Japanese Government ranges all the way from £1,900,000 to £6,400,000, and as our war expenditure for this present fiscal year does not exceed £3,190,000 monthly, it is obvious that Japan can easily support the financial burden of the war, and will be able, from its financial resources, to tide the country over any difficulty in the near future.

The Russian Government, again, is loaded with foreign debts, no less than £36,000,000 being borrowed in the three years 1900-1903 alone. The total sum of money borrowed by Russia from France even is enough to make the thrifty French investor shudder and pray that Russia may never be forced to repudiate her debts. In Japan the case is very different. A Japanese writer states that:—

From the year 1870, the date of our first national loan, to the date of the loan of £30,000,000 for the war expenditure, issued the present year, the gross total of our loans has aggregated the sum of £86,500,000 outstanding in foreign and home markets, a sum which in amount is about three times the national revenue of Japan.

Now, what of other countries? France, for example, has a national loan more than eight times the annual revenue of that country; Italy has a national loan equivalent to seven years of its revenue; in the case of England, the national loan represents about five years of the Government's income; with the United States, nearly four times the total revenue equals the amount of the national loan.

Japan's entire national debts are but three times the national income, and only amount to some thirty-five shillings *per capita*. The Russian authority quoted above deals also with other sides of the question of the war. He says:—

In Russia proper, the symptoms of the crisis are many and alarming. Even in the two capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow, scarcity of money, stagnation of trade, bankruptcy, and a large increase of the contingent of able-bodied paupers, beggars, and thieves mark some of the most obvious consequences of the war, and as yet, unhappily, the high-water mark of destitution has not by any means been reached. . . . When a campaign directly cripples industrial and commercial enterprise, the effects are much worse than those which the war itself brings in the form of unproductive outlay.

It must also be remembered that Russian industry and commerce are very largely built up on credit, so that a war, which above all other things disturbs credit, is bound to have a disconcerting effect on all branches of business. That the war has really only hastened on economic troubles in Russia which promised to cripple her most effectually, may be gathered from the following:

But the greatest danger to Russian finances lies not so much in any of the transitory difficulties which the campaign against Japan has created as in the chronic poverty of the Russian people, who can no longer bear the burden of taxation. Forty years ago, when serfdom prevailed, the life of the average peasant was relatively tolerable. He dwelt in airy rooms adequately furnished, and owned horses, cattle, sheep, and poultry. Wood for fuel could be had in abundance, and he possessed

the needful materials to make his own clothing, boots and bed-coverings. To-day, he lives in the smoky room of a squalid hut, which he shares with any four-footed animals he may possess, and for all the expenses of bringing up his family, tilling his land, repairing his dwelling, and paying rates and taxes he disposes at most of sixpence a day. On food for himself and his wife and children he can generally, but not always, spend three-halfpence a day. The difficulty not of increasing the taxes of such a man, but of maintaining them much longer at their present level, is too manifest to need pointing out. It is in this chronic impoverishment of the bulk of the people, therefore, and not in the acute crisis brought on by the war, that those who know Russia best discern the source of the coming troubles, economic and other, which they foresee but cannot prevent.

Thus the Russian Government has to face the problem of how to promote solidarity, to increase taxation, and to spend more money than can be received, without breaking down under the strain. The very economies effected in the Russian Budget bring disaster, since they have had as a result the throwing out of work in many districts of thousands of men. The most vital point in the whole Russian economic situation to-day is that, even were the peasants anxious to defray the cost of the war, it is impossible for them to pay more taxes. That this is no idle statement may be judged from the fact that in one of the prosperous districts of Russia the District Council reported, after investigation, that "The economic state of the peasantry is so straitened that further taxation is impossible without facing the risk of utterly ruining agriculture."

In this same district it was found that the peasant families were often paying as much as 34 per cent. of their incomes in taxes, 15 per cent. of which was in indirect taxation.

Already there are rumors that it may be necessary for the Russian Government to draw upon the wealth of the Orthodox Church. This may well be a mere idle tale, but should it prove to have any foundation, no greater confession of weakness could be made. It is far more probable that foreign loans will be resorted to before the revenues of the Church; but foreign loans mean adding to the yearly expenditure, already unbearably heavy.

In Japan, on the other hand, the people are comparatively lightly taxed, the loans are low, and there is no difficulty to be foreseen in the way of increasing taxes and raising further loans. The most recent estimate of the probable cost of the war was made by Count Okuma, the veteran leader of the Progressives. Although it is not possible to regard his figures as absolutely accurate, the Japanese people rejoice at this evidence of optimism from one whose position has too often induced pessimism. Count Okuma said:—

If the war lasts two years more the total cost to Japan will probably be from 1,200 to 1,300 million yen (£120,000,000 to £130,000,000). Therefore, together with the present debt and the cost of *post bellum* undertakings, the country's liabilities would aggregate 2,000 million yen (£200,000,000), which would nevertheless amount to only 40 yen (£4) a head of the population, whereas the Russian war outlays would approximate to 4,000 to 5,000 millions (£400,000,000 to £500,000,000).

As a means of gauging the amount of indebtedness which such a cost would mean, it may be remarked that in one of the Australian States a measure was regarded as a decided step towards retrenchment which proposed to limit the borrowing to a sum which represented 20s. per head per annum! And with regard to the actual expense of the war, not the relative cost, a very significant point was brought out in

a letter to the *Globe* by an old resident in Japan. He wrote:—

It does not by any means follow that this enormous sum of money will be lost to Japan. This is the amount that the Japanese Government expect to spend, but the bulk of it will remain in the country. Japan manufactures all her field guns and their equipments, rifles and small arms, accoutrements, saddles, boots, clothing, blankets, &c. All ammunition is made at home, and many of the ingredients are found in the country, such as camphor, sulphur, &c. All her field telegraph is supplied at home; copper she has in abundance. Nearly all the food required for the army is grown in the country, with the exception of a few tinned meats, but the Japanese soldier prefers fish, and there are large salmon canneries in the Hokkaido. Of ponies and horses, up to the time I left, the supply was by no means exhausted. Japan has plenty of transports, drawn from her own mercantile marine; and for these she has an abundance of steam coal. For her warships, however, she prefers Cardiff coal, as it gives better results. She has her own docks and repairing and building yards, and with all the skilled labor required it is not necessary to import highly-paid foreign workmen. There is no doubt that she is busily engaged in building cruisers and destroyers.

From all this it can be plainly seen that Japan is practically self-sufficient, she having only to import such raw materials as steel, iron, lead, wool, &c. Therefore the only money lost to the country will be the cost of native coolie labor at the seat of war, and for railway work in Manchuria and other incidentals.

A striking proof of the truth of this has been afforded by the fact that during the months of the war itself the deposits in the Japanese Post Office savings banks have largely increased. Thus the great expenditures are causing much more money to be distributed throughout the country. It is estimated that over 70 per cent. of the expenditure is spent in Japan.

Baron Kaneko thus sums up the economic and financial conditions of Japan:—

In a comparatively brief space of time there has been an enormous increase in our industrial and commercial prosperity; the national revenues have advanced in amount literally by leaps and bounds; our financial condition and prospects, even though we are carrying on a costly war, were never so good as at present; and firmly guiding her ship of state through the problems of the moment, Japan has every reason to anticipate a smooth and prosperous voyage for the future of her national life. Already the faith of the Japanese people in that future is shown by the fact that when the Government planned to issue exchequer bonds to the amount of £10,000,000 they responded with the offer of four or five times that amount, and in place of the minimum rate of application, fixed by the Government at 95 yen, showed their willingness to contribute a much larger sum. This of itself shows how patriotic the Japanese really are, but it also indicates something more, for as patriotic feeling cannot be manifested in such a matter unless there is enough money forthcoming, the taking up of bonds on such liberal terms reveals the existence of a people on whose thrift—a priceless national possession—the Government of Japan can always depend. . . . In all this patriotism there is an element of voluntary retrenchment, not to say self-sacrifice. Not only have our people felt encouraged to engage more extensively in industrial enterprises—they have freely given up what is known as "luxurious expenditure," and have resorted to not a few of the practical economies of life as a means of enabling them to contribute all the more to the expenses of the war. It is therefore in the self-confidence born of economic strength that the Japanese people have encouraged their Government to prosecute this war to its conclusion utterly regardless of financial considerations and of what the operations may cost. They have determined, should it become necessary, to

spend the whole of the national wealth in realizing the objects for which hostilities were begun. They have self-reliance enough to feel that, should the war be prolonged for three, or even five, years more, Japan will be strong enough to respond to its most exacting demands upon her economic and financial resources.

Both nations may be determined to fight to the last man, and to spend their last penny in carrying on the war; but the Japanese last penny is much less imminent than the Russian one, and it is probable that neither nation will reach anything like the last man. As Japan has won the war on sea and on land, so she has in advance won the financial battle. By wise and foreseeing measures of taxation and finance, Japan has prepared for this war as thoroughly in her Ministry of Finance as in her Ministries of Marine and of Army.

To sum up, it may be said that Russia has lost, and will continue to lose, not so much perhaps because of the superiority of her adversaries, although there is sufficient proof of this, but for the following reasons—lack of preparation, lack of plans, lack of unanimity as a government or as a nation: all these are enormous obstacles in the way of success. The distance from the base in Russia, the bad quality of the majority of the Russian officers, the prevalence of corruption even in the highest quarters, the loss of the command of the sea, which the Baltic Fleet will never restore to Russia; these, added to the list given above, render it impossible for Russia to succeed. It must not be forgotten that Japan, lying far away from any other first-class Power, can reduce herself to the last straits with comparative impunity, whereas Russia is sufficiently near other Powers for her to regard a serious weakening as an almost fatal event. The Siberian line has indeed proved the rope by which Russia has hanged herself, and the sooner her rulers or friends decide to cut her down and revive her the more the world should rejoice. Russia has been defeated as much by circumstances as by the Japanese. Over the circumstances she can well plead that she has no control, but that does not excuse her culpable ignorance in overlooking their existence. In many ways Russia is to be pitied, and many worse things might happen than a cordial understanding between England and Japan on the one hand, and France and a chastened Russia on the other. The first step has been taken in the *entente* between England and France. On both sides one of the nations would come chastened in spirit—England by the South African war, and Russia by the war with Japan. Such an *entente* would make for the peace of the world. Russia is much less of a danger to the British Empire than is Germany, and if, after the war, Russia were to seek an amicable arrangement with Japan, her ally, the idea might well be entertained. But the wish must come from Russia to both the allies; any idea that Japan would throw over her ally in order to curry favor with Russia, as suggested by the Master of Elibank in his singularly ill-advised letter in the *Times*, is so absurd that Baron Suyematsu's answering letter was scarcely needed. We may be assured that there will be no attempt even to keep only to the letter of the alliance by our ally, however events might arise which would render such a course advantageous to Japan. Japan is a sincere, honest nation, and in this, as in many other directions, sets an example which other nations would do well to follow.

Alfred Stead.

The Fortnightly Review.

MAETERLINCK AS A REFORMER OF THE DRAMA.

Maeterlinck, after writing his first volume of verses, called *Serres chaudes*, a few poems published in *Parnasse de la jeune Belgique*, and then a volume of ballads and songs, *La quenouille et la besace*, passed into the field of drama and, but for some prose writing, has remained faithful to that literary form ever since.

As to the real causes of that change, he alone could say anything authentic.

The probability is that the Belgian poet-dramatist thought that the antithesis between infinity and limitation—the continual friction of those two sides of human nature in endless shapes and combinations, furnished by the variety of the phenomena of infinite existence in sensuous life,—could be better expressed in the dramatic form, which serves to render internal conflicts in the broadest way, to picture them better than could be done by epic or lyric poetry. That change, however, was not so essential with Maeterlinck as it would be with any other poet, on account of his original views on the theatre and the drama. "Art," he says,

> is a temporary mask, under which the unknown without a face puzzles us. It is the substance of eternity, introduced within us by a distillation of infinity. It is the honey of eternity, taken from a flower which we do not see. A dramatic poem was a work of art, and bore the charming characteristics of such a work, but a show on the stage suddenly frightened the swans from the pond, and threw the pearls into bottomless depths: the mystic transparency of a work of art disappeared. King Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet should not be performed. Something of Hamlet dies as soon as we see him dying on the stage. The ghost of the actor has dethroned him, and from that moment we are unable to drive away the usurper from our dream. We open the book, the former prince does not return; almost all the inward voices that used to bring him forth have died out.
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> The stage is a place where masterpieces die; for the production of a masterpiece by means of accidental and human elements has something antinomic in itself. Every masterpiece is a symbol, and a symbol cannot bear the active presence of a man. There is continual discord between the forces of a symbol and the forces of a man; the symbol of a poem is the centre, the rays of which stretch into infinity; and these rays, as long as they come from a masterpiece, have an importance that is limited only by the might of an eye following them. But an actor's eye oversteps the sphere of the symbol. In the passive subject of a poem (the spectator) there appears a phenomenon of polarization; he does not any more see the diverging rays, he sees only the converging ones; an accidental thing spoiled the symbol, and the masterpiece in its essence was dead during the whole time of that presence. The Greeks felt that antinomy, and their masks, which seem incomprehensible to us, served to smooth down the presence of the man and to facilitate the symbol. During the Elizabethan time the recitation was melopoeian, the acting conventional and the stage symbolic. It was about the same in Louis XIV.'s time.
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> The poem begins to retreat into shadow as the man comes forth. A poem wishes to rescue us from the domination of the senses and to give a preponderance to the past and future; man acts only on our senses and exists only as far as he is able to attenuate that preponderance of past and future by interesting us exclusively in the moment at which he speaks. If man enters on the stage with all his faculties and his whole freedom, if his voice, gestures, attitude are not veiled by a great number of synthetic conditions, if even for a moment the human

being appears such as he is, there is not a poem in this world which could stand that event. In that moment, the spectacle of the poem is interrupted and we are present at some scene of outward life.

When man oversteps the limits of a poem, the gigantic poem of his presence overshadows everything round him.

A poem which I see on the stage seems to me always a lie; in everyday life I must see man, who speaks to me, because the majority of his words have no meaning at all without his presence; a poem on the contrary, is a gathering of such unusual words, that the presence of the poet is connected with them for ever; one cannot free from voluntary slavery a soul dearer than others, in order to replace it by the manifestations of another soul, almost always insignificant, for in that moment it is impossible to assimilate those manifestations.[1]

The essay from which these words are taken shows the fundamental principles of Maeterlinck's poetical æsthetics; it marks, in general but positive words, the tendencies of the symbolic drama; it emphasizes the unfitness of those means which the modern theatre uses to reproduce dramatic poems and explains all the peculiarities which may strike us in Maeterlinck's plays.

Every poetical work, and therefore a drama as well, ought to be "a temple of dreams." But the dream is only possible where the flight of imagination is not limited by narrow bounds; so that the poet does not limit his work, but leaves to the spirit of the reader a free field, where boundless horizons open beyond the picture itself, and where the work contains a symbol clothed in a piece of infinity, if one may put it so.

Therefore the interior depth, hidden at the bottom of infinity, is, according to Maeterlinck, the most important and the principal source of poetical beauty. This is the beginning of the most logical definition of the beautiful. After the downfall of all ideas and definitions of absolute beauty, and in presence of the necessity of a criterion for appreciation of a work of art, Maeterlinck's measure for the beautiful seems to be the only one which one can put against the positive and *à posteriori* view which indeed decides nothing. Maeterlinck's criterion of the beautiful seems to be in harmony with the lasting works of genius and to answer the mysterious question: Why? Why is this beautiful and that ugly? Why do we call this man a genius and that one only talented? What is it that assures life in the world of the beautiful?

Every creative artistic power consists in the capacity of seeing visions and of knowing how to communicate them to others. The greater an artist or a poet is, the more precise is his vision of the things in themselves, their real essence, that which they are and not which they seem to be superficially to our senses. The more visionary the words, the greater is the power, the more absolute its influence over other people's souls, its ability to keep them in a magic circle. The depth constitutes the grandeur of art. Suggestion, coming from a subject, gives only a value to it. Art cannot limit itself to pure sensation, color, sound and the exterior side of things. The artist, whose aim is reality, will not be satisfied with its apparent and vulgar side. To understand and penetrate, to fathom with the eyes of the soul the abyss of the fathomless and the incomprehensible, this is the greatest satisfaction we can get from poetry.

Consequently the beautiful cannot exist without the background of infinity, without a perspective looking towards the stars and even beyond them; the artist, poet, creator, genius, is he

[1] La jeune Belgique, 1890, No. 9—Menus propos. Le Théâtre.

whose imagination embraces both worlds, who from every phenomenon of external existence, from every shiver of thought or sentiment, can bring out symbolically the element of infinity as well as the sensuous element, who can unite that which is small and ephemeral with the great everlasting eternity in a vision of unity such as one sees in real life. That constitutes the imperishability of masterpieces, because they contain an immutable, universal, immortal element, not subject to the evolutions of the material world.

Every immortal masterpiece affirms that assertion. What are the Rig-Veda and the Bible if not great metaphysical poems, in which the external view of nature, colored by imagination, is united with deep and melancholy views about things that lie beyond the limits of the sensuous world. Shakespeare's supremacy in literature depends on these depths of view, which he was able to unveil in themes often used and borrowed by him here and there.

This carries weight not in literature alone, but in every other art as well. Great, true, immortal art was and is symbolic; under sensuous analogy it hides elements of infinity, it unveils boundless horizons. Formerly it was so unconsciously, through the instinct of genius; to-day—perchance stimulated by the examples of daring pioneers of science, who, throwing themselves boldly into the abyss of the unknown, began to investigate the mysterious manifestations of death, dreams, instincts, hypnotism, magnetism, psychical force, etc.—it has become consciously symbolic. It is now clear that the fear of poets and æsthetes lest the sciences, explaining everything, should deprive poetry of the regions of infinity and mystery, is without any foundation; for the whole series of facts testifies to the fathomless abyss of unknown laws, and proves that the small island of our knowledge is surrounded by an infinite sea of mysteries that have nothing of the supernatural although they are mysterious.

On the other hand the same investigations and discoveries prove in fact that presentiments, predictions, witchcraft, supernatural things and miracles of the romantics and mystics, are not simply vain visions of their imagination, but that they are proofs of their great intuitive power in foreseeing facts which the sciences began to affirm. Formerly they classified those facts improperly, seeing in them something unusual and supernatural; and very often they searched for their explanation in religious dogmas. But having changed its point of view, mysticism was bound to continue its work in literature and it was born again in modern symbolism, which must be considered as the next true halting place in the development of poetry—next after the romantic movement—for naturalism, on account of its onesidedness, is only a phenomenon of reaction, and not a further step in the progress of evolution.

Modern mysticism in art has lost its former note of religious asceticism, its unearthly character, and has rather become scientific. Its prophets understand that infinity, towards which we are drawn by an eternal longing which never rests, is not hidden beyond the bounds of the real world, but that it constitutes the very essence of the universe, of every man, of the smallest phenomenon. They understand also, that if, on the one hand, naturalism, which deals only with the reality reached by the senses, deceives itself in thinking that it leads to the truth, on the other hand, mysticism, if it separates itself from the real world, cannot embrace the whole, and loses also in accessibility and clearness; for it speaks abstractly or by means of artificial symbols of the essence of things, which in most cases we can

only perceive in the framework of material shape.

In a word, they understand that as in life we cannot look continuously at the infinite essence of things, but have to be satisfied with those flashes which from time to time rend the gray veil of sensuous reality, so in poetry one may put pictures of infinity into a frame of sensuous details, and by touching them with the special poetical brush permit the spirit of a reader who is capable of dreaming to guess the mystic roads which conduct to the hidden depths.

Once conscious of these views, we have an exact idea of the symbol, which is a living, organic, inner analogy; it is a reproduction of reality, in which forms, shapes and the whole world of sensuous phenomena have their ordinary meaning for those who are satisfied with the superficial, but for those who look deeper reveal the inward abyss of infinity. The external, visible part of the symbol must be a concrete picture, taken so straight from the real world that its clear and ordinary meaning is comprehensible even to those who would not search in it for any depth; but beyond that concrete picture there must open boundless horizons of the hidden, infinite, eternal, immutable and incomprehensible essence of things.

If these principles of poetical art are applied logically to dramatic poetry, then Maeterlinck's campaign against "the presence of man on the stage" becomes comprehensible, as well as his intention that his drama should be played in a doll's theatre. "In the theatre," says the Belgian poet, "I wish to study exclusively man, not relatively to other people, not in his relations to others or to himself; but after sketching the ordinary facts of passion, to look at his attitude in presence of eternity and mystery, to attempt to unveil the eternal character hidden under the accidental characteristics of the lover, father, husband, etc."[2]

When a poet enters upon such unusual and limitless spheres of thought, the ordinary means of poetical art are insufficient for him, they confine and make paltry his primitive vision; notwithstanding the efforts of genius, the work never renders exactly what the poet intended to express in it. "Is the thought," asks Maeterlinck,—

> an exact picture of that something which produced it? Is it not rather a shadow of some struggle, similar to that of Jacob with the angel? That first, not always transparent, pane of the window of eternity is followed by another still less transparent—the word. Words were invented for ordinary use in life, and they become like miserable, restless, vagabonds surprised at the steps of a throne, when from time to time some kind soul conducts them to another goal by other roads.[3]

But the words, not being able to render by themselves the interior and infinite side of things, can, nevertheless, when set by a genius, make a powerful suggestion, and open, beyond their sensuous meaning, boundless horizons towards an unlimited sea of dreams, towards mysterious, hidden meanings impossible to express. While reading a dramatic poem, we dominate, by some interior communion with the spirit of the poet, his whole vision, we identify ourselves with the poet, we fuse into one with his dreams, we penetrate his intention and aim; sensuous details, not acting upon us with the brutality of real things, have no preponderance over inner motives, do not absorb us; on the contrary, they seem to us to be natural, conventional signs, the purpose of which is to draw our attention to the perspective opening

[2] L'ornement des noces spirituelles—Introduction, p. xxi.
[3] "Loc. cit.," p. xx.

beyond them; the spirit and its manifestations interest us before all. But all that is entirely changed the moment we see the same poem on the stage. Between the spirit of the poet and that of the spectator or the listener there stands a third person, the actor. His attitudes, characteristics, movements, gestures, the intonation of his voice, determine, confine to certain fixed shapes and dimensions, the characters created by the poet, and impose on us those ideas. Thus the sensuous part gains entire preponderance over the inner side, covers it up and drives it into the shade. Inward perspectives, dark depths of hidden infinity, accessible only to the spirit, disappear before the footlights. Either they cannot be seized by sensuous means, or they are absorbed by action which chains the eyes and ears of the spectator and prevents him from dreaming. When we read a poem we are interested in the facts only on account of the depth hidden in them; in the theatre, on the contrary, if we are interested in the depth it is only on account of the facts. This is that unusual phenomenon of polarization, about which Maeterlinck speaks, and which conducts us from the heights of the dream, embracing the world and existence, to the level of everyday life, satisfied with partial, superficial, sensuous truth.

It is quite another question whether Maeterlinck's suggestion of substitutes for man in the theatre is a possible one. He himself does not put his ideas in a very decided way, he calls them simply *les tatonnements de quelqu'un qui est las du théâtre français d'aujourd'hui.* But they are important, for they introduce us to the very heart of the aims of a symbolic theatre, which are that both sides of the human being, the external and the internal and infinite, should be brought into consideration.

These ideas are not merely theoretical, for, judging by the dates of publication, Maeterlinck set them forth in a hypothetic form in regard to some details only after he had written his first three dramas: "Princess Maleine," "The Uninvited Guest" and "The Blindmen," which are more or less excellent and plastic embodiments of his theory; more or less excellent because it was only at a later stage that the poet reached his almost irreproachable perfection.

"Princess Maleine," published in 1889, was often compared with Shakespeare's dramas, either with a view of exalting its importance or of proving that it is only a weak and overdrawn imitation of the great English dramatist, or of questioning the author's obscure intention and aim. The erroneousness and superficiality of such a comparison are apparent from what has been said about Maeterlinck's ideas about the theatre. Our poet, with the daring of youth, determined to embody his ideas in a drama which should show the various sides of life. Such a work was not an easy enterprise, even for the most talented of beginners. A first work usually betrays the influence of an admired master. Maeterlinck was not able to get rid of the immense influence of Shakespeare which fascinates every true poet. But that influence neither lessens nor increases the value of "Princess Maleine," nor, what is more important, deprives it of its remarkable originality. Such an influence concerns chiefly the material life, which Maeterlinck does not set as his principal and exclusive aim, his only preoccupation being the relation of sensuous phenomena to the infinity of existence. So there is a great difference between Shakespeare and Maeterlinck.

For Shakespeare's man is a limited being, enclosed within the boundaries of sensuous consciousness, who has not in himself any impenetrable depth or

mystery, but is quite accessible to us; we can explain him logically in all his details and reproduce him in a work of art. His man is, again, the centre of the world, and is, in some way, separated from the rest of existence surrounding him; he is independent and stands above all other beings; he is the only being in the world worthy of attention and investigation, a being who finds in himself the explanation of his spiritual and physical movements. Maeterlinck's man is a being whose sensuous life is only a concrete symbol of his infinite transcendental side; and, further, is only a link in an endless chain of innumerable existences, a link that remains in continual communication, in mutual union with all the other links.

Shakespeare refers everything to man, so much that even the characters introduced by him occasionally as auxiliaries in weaving out actions, such as spirits, ghosts, witches, represent only a popular romantic apparatus, but they can, and often they must, be considered as the inward, psychological disposition of the hero. The poet wishes to emphasize such a great tension in one direction of the imagination of his character, that at last the ghosts born in his brain take the plasticity of external subjects. In Maeterlinck's dramas the whole of nature vibrates with man, either warning him of coming catastrophes or taking on a mournful attitude after they have happened.

Shakespeare outlines his characters—as far as is possible—precisely and expressively; he brings out in dialogues and monologues all the interior hesitations and struggles, he strives to unveil and formulate the most secret shivers of the soul and the heart, in order to find an inward connection between them, and for that purpose he makes his heroes philosophize about inward states of mind which drive them to do certain things or stay them from accomplishing certain others. Maeterlinck is somewhat afraid of formulating sentiments and philosophizing over them; he considers man to be a great, fathomless mystery, which one cannot determine precisely, at which one can only glance, noting his involuntary and instinctive words, exclamations and impressions. The characters of his dramas never pronounce complicated, philosophical dialogues or monologues; their sentences are short, simple, abrupt, expressing that which they feel and not that which they would think, if they were to ponder over their impressions.

Shakespeare's masterpieces, above all, show us man as endowed with propensities, sentiments, passions, but quite separated from the rest of existence. Maeterlinck's dramas strive to unveil for us the relations of man to the existence surrounding him, they represent him to us as a part inseparable from the universe and depending on it. Consequently Shakespeare should be regarded only as a psychologist of sensuous consciousness in man, treated as abstracted from the whole of being, while Maeterlinck may be looked upon as a mystic recreator of the whole double-sided human being, in its natural connection with the existence surrounding it.

Maeterlinck's dramas cannot be judged from the point of view of any traditional ideas of dramatic art, for they are entirely new, totally original and so directly and logically arising out of his theories of the essence of existence, of man and of art, that if one would protest against them in the name of Shakespeare, it would be necessary to destroy all his fundamental theories and principles.

He introduces into drama a new kind of measure of absolute beauty, and the rules taken from Shakespeare's work *a posteriori* appear to be useless and could not be applied to it. We have

no choice but to enter into the new sphere opened to us by the poet, to look at his dramas from his own point of view, to understand his astonishing work of art, and, following Sainte Beuve's example, to find it in the absolute truth, as one finds it in everything.

There are three elements that attract the critic's attention in Maeterlinck's dramas.

The first and the easiest to discover is one which until now in general acceptance constituted by itself the exclusive essence of a drama—viz., man with his whole sensuous side, together with those manifestations of the spirit which could be defined, formulated and enclosed in words; the interior struggles of sentiment and the results of those struggles shown in an external action; frictions of passion and catastrophe, dramatic collisions or expiations during life. This is the only element that connects Maeterlinck's work with the dramatic ideas of his predecessors and in which any Shakespearean reminiscences can be detected.

If one wishes, however, to present in a work of art the complete man, and not a fragment of him, one must, at least by means of suggestion, catch and render his mysterious side, otherwise the poetical character of the work will be one-sided and incomplete. Here is shown the second element, still connected with the first because it concerns the man exclusively, but entirely new and for the first time introduced extensively and consciously into the drama, an element of factors and manifestations of the human being which are difficult to formulate with precision: they are undecided shadows and mysterious lights, which here and there darken or brighten the outline or cover the whole figure with a kind of mist. By means of these lights, thrown on every-day and apparently clear details of life, Maeterlinck wishes to bring out their hidden meaning, to draw attention to mysterious paths, which tend to the worlds beyond, hidden in man; to primitive existence, the manifestation of which may be perceived but not understood or explained.

According to the philosophers and to the accepted ideas about the drama, we are accustomed to imagine man as a being who can be understood, his deeds explained and his sentiments stated. It seems to us that in actual life we understand ourselves and other people, that there are no mysteries in man which cannot be elucidated. Hence when we are told that it is not so, we call the effort to elucidate the mysterious and invisible sickliness or immaturity of talent, notwithstanding that Maeterlinck in his views on man is in agreement with the results of scientific research, which prove that our self-consciousness does not exhaust our Ego. Observations and experiments conducted in regard to such important parts of our existence as sleep, somnambulism, ecstasy, delirium, hypnosis, magnetism, opium or any narcotic, show that in proportion as our ordinary sensuous consciousness grows dull, there follows an awakening of some internal side of our being lying beyond the boundaries of empiric consciousness, that in such states there begins an action of some other consciousness, lying beyond our ideas in real life, reaching to infinity, both in ourselves and in the existence surrounding us.

Consequently those who attack Maeterlinck's ideas as "nervous diseases of thought," as "dreamy contempt for positive and experimental theories," are unjust; they are critics stuck in materialism, who do not see that Maeterlinck's ideas are identical with the result of scientific experiment.

It is immaterial to find out whether Maeterlinck built the system of his

modern mysticism by himself or whether he took it from philosophical literature. The most important point is that he put these theoretical conclusions into practice by bringing out in dramatic poems both sides of the human being: the sensuous and the transcendental. This idea is quite new, and it makes a revolution in the domain of the drama. It introduces a new essence, new factors, new elements into the drama, and asks for corresponding and proper forms for them; on the other hand, it opens an epoch of new observations and critical comments on older dramatic masterpieces, the authors of which felt unconsciously that of which Maeterlinck is conscious—viz., the necessity of emphasizing in man the mysterious and unfathomable side.

The natural consequence of this fundamental change of ideas concerning man is the third element to which the Belgian dramatist gives an active position in the drama—again contrary to accepted rules and ideas—and this is the introducing of nature into the drama.

Nature used to occupy a very inferior position in the theatre, especially during the prevalence of rationalism and materialism. In the theatre they were satisfied with a background representing some landscape, with cardboard scenery and artificial fireworks; even if sometimes a writer introduced nature and made her act beside man, reflect his thoughts, or influence his actions, he did not take any account of the depth and importance of that dramatic factor; as for the spectators, they took such exhibitions of the life of nature for simple accidents, or looked at them as picturesque legends, serving as frames for the thoughts, sentiments and deeds of the acting heroes.

In general, the dramatists were preoccupied with man, limited by the boundaries of the senses, excluded by them from nature, not feeling her influence and reaction and, again, not reacting on her. The dramas were and are acted as if in an empty space, under the glass bell of a pneumatic machine. The few unconscious exceptions from that rule probably could not be explained by the dramatists themselves, and were either not understood or wrongly understood by the public and the critics.

Maeterlinck consciously deprives nature of her passive role of a soulless accessory, he animates her, orders her to collaborate actively in the action of the drama, to speak mysteriously beside man and to man, to forecast future incidents and catastrophes, to contribute in some degree to the expiation of criminal deeds, in a word, to participate in all the actions of that fragment of human life which is called a drama. This reform also agrees with the newest scientific discoveries, according to which force and matter are not two totally different things, but are extreme manifestations on the same line of radiating matter that penetrates everything and makes everything react on everything else, consequently on us also,[4] and naturally we also react on everything surrounding us.

The bringing out of man from abstract solitude and isolation into the world surrounding him, in which isolation the dramatists, with a few exceptions, kept him; the bringing out of a whole network of stimuli and influences, neglected until now, and thus making man broader; the introduction into the drama of a new active element, and thus widening its poetical force, this constitutes Maeterlinck's great reform of the drama; a great reform, but full of difficulties for the future of dramatic poetry.

S. C. de Soissons.

[4] "Die Philosophie der Mystik." Du Prel. p. 241.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN.

Amongst the memories of my nine years' wanderings in Asia which I treasure and value most, not the least valuable are the hours I have spent in General Kuropatkin's company. And of all the distinguished men I have met, between St. Petersburg and Peking and between Irkutsk and Haidarabad, there is only one who has left upon me the same deep and abiding impression—namely, Lord Curzon. It is in the hands of these two men that the destinies of Asia have during the last few years in great part rested. Even though these two typical representatives of two great peoples are, by reason of their national characteristics, very different from one another, on the other hand, as both possessing some of the best and noblest human qualities, they are in several respects like one another, and have many points in common. In his manners and bearing General Kuropatkin is quite as simple and natural as Lord Curzon, and, like the Viceroy of India, he treats all who are subject to his authority as men, listening to such as need help, and treating all, even the meanest amongst them, with the greatest consideration, kindliness, and politeness. Both are true and zealous patriots, both have devoted their life and best powers to the service of the country which gave them birth, and both are deeply sensible of the heavy responsibility which rests upon them. By a pure chance there is one point in which their careers are singularly alike. Both are geographers and explorers, and both authors within the field of scientific geography, and both have won for themselves an honored place in the history of geographical discovery in Asia. General Kuropatkin's travels were made in that part of Asia the political future of which was to such a great extent destined to be placed in his own hands, and in his book "Kashgaria" he has described, in a manner that cannot be excelled, his journey through the East Turkestan of Yakub Beg's time.

In his book "Russia in Central Asia" Lord Curzon says, speaking of a possible Russian invasion of India:—

> Since the death of Skobeleff it is well known that a revised edition of his scheme, modified or extended in accord with wider knowledge and more modern conditions, has been elaborated by General Kuropatkin, who was one of Skobeleff's right-hand men in Central Asia, and inherited his traditions and ideas, and who may be regarded as the leading exponent of Central Asian tactics in the Russian army. Did circumstances render it desirable to-morrow that pressure should be brought to bear upon England in Afghanistan, every detail of the plan to be pursued is already drawn up and decided upon, and the telegraph wire could set the machinery in instantaneous motion.

How greatly the political position in Asia has changed since these words were written in 1888! If Russia ever did entertain any real and serious idea of invading India, which personally I very much doubt, all such plans are now, at any rate, abandoned.

But it was not of this I wished to speak, but about the personal impressions which General Kuropatkin made upon me. Alexei Nicolaievitch Kuropatkin is the central figure in the great and striking drama which is now being enacted in the theatre of war in Manchuria, and which all the world is watching in breathless expectation. At this present moment he is the man who instinctively but inevitably excites our interest in the highest degree. As a

young man he served in the French Foreign Legion in Algiers and took part in several *missions sahariennes*, and these he has described with the same admirable degree of accuracy and knowledge that he has displayed in all the military experiences of his varied and remarkable life. It was in Algiers he learned to speak French with such wonderful purity; though he does not speak it with the vivacity and gesticulation of a Frenchman, but speaks it slowly and quietly, yet with perfect mastery. Of other books that he has written I may mention a capital description of the Russo-Turkish war and several handbooks on strategy and the science of war. It was as chief of the staff to Skobeleff that he learned the practical side of the art of war. Yet how unlike is he to Skobeleff! The latter loved war for its own sake, and, like the Japanese, greeted the stirring trumpet signal to charge as the invitation to a feast—a man who, on his white horse and with the breast of his white uniform glittering with brilliants and decorations, loved to gallop to the front with a sublime contempt for the showers of bullets falling all around him. General Kuropatkin regards war entirely from its serious side, as an unavoidable evil, an art that must be studied with industry and thoroughness, leaving nothing to chance or to the enthusiasm of the moment. In point of popularity with the army he even rivals his former chief; but whereas Skobeleff by his mere presence possessed the power to electrify his men and kindle their enthusiasm, Kuropatkin inspires in his troops a feeling of unruffled calmness, confidence, and security. They look upon him as their father, and know that he takes the same interest in every man that marches in the ranks that he would in his own son.

The first time I personally had the honor to meet General Kuropatkin he was *voyenniy natchalnik*, or "military commander," of the new province of Transcaspia. That was in October, 1890, and at Askabad, where he had his headquarters. When I called upon him, my overcoat was taken charge of by a Cossack, and I was ushered into a large hall, where I was received and my visit announced by an aide-de-camp. The walls of the noble apartment were adorned with Asiatic weapons, ancient and modern, and with portraits of the Imperial family. After I had waited a little, the General entered, dressed in full uniform, for he was about to preside at a meeting of some sort. He is a short but strongly-built man, with a black beard and small but kindly and intelligent eyes. I was then just setting out on my first journey to Kashgar, and Kuropatkin gave me a good deal of information about the dangerous pass of Terekdavan. Although I expected to find it buried in snow, he did not attempt to dissuade me from the journey; a northerner would not permit himself to be deterred by either snow or cold. When I let fall the remark that upon my return home I intended to write a book about Turkestan, Kuropatkin replied, humorously, that there were no secrets in Askabad. I was at perfect liberty to go where I liked; I might freely visit all the institutions in the town, might count the soldiers in the barracks, as well as the big guns, the rifles, and the cartridges in the magazines, sketch whatever I thought fit, and, he added, "you may even write articles about it all to *The Times* if you like." If I met with any difficulty I had only to report the matter to him and he would see me righted.

It was interesting to observe with what energy and vigor Kuropatkin directed the military and even the civil affairs of his province. Everything worked like clockwork, with the greatest regularity and punctuality. Every

Tuesday he directed the manœuvres of his troops, not seldom covering a march of 25 miles. On the following day he called his officers together and criticized the evolutions of the preceding day's march. In his Cossacks, their troubles, their wishes, their needs, he took a direct personal interest, and always liked to see happy and contented faces about him. But on the other hand he maintained a rigid military discipline, and would tolerate neither laxity nor weakness.

In November, 1890, I saw Kuropatkin again in Samarkand. Since then I have had several occasions of meeting him, and when journeying to and from Asia have never failed to call upon him, either at his house in St. Petersburg, or at his *datcha*, or "villa," on one of the islands of the Gulf of Finland; but, on the other hand, although I have been invited to visit him on his estate at Terijoki, in Finland, I have never been able to do so. His villa, which is only 20 minutes' drive outside of St. Petersburg, is severely simple, not a trace of luxury about it; a well-to-do *tchinovnik* would hardly be able to abstain from turning up his nose at it. And yet the General is a millionaire; but he is too honest and too proud a man to employ his wealth in ministering to his own selfish pleasure—such a use for it he would look upon as absurd. He has consistently set his face against pomp and ceremony, and endeavored, even whilst at the summit of honor and power, to preserve the simplicity of the soldier; indeed, it has seemed to him a simple matter of duty that the man who has the leading of the army ought, in point of both conduct and manner of life, to set an example to the men under his charge. And even now, when the destinies of Russia are in his hands, when he is leading her armies through showers of shot and shell, when his name is daily upon thousands and thousands of lips all the world over, and heads the columns of all the newspapers in existence—even now he is distinguished by the same outer simplicity; no *recherché* dishes, no choice wines are allowed to appear on his table; he makes no claim for special comforts, but leads the simple soldier's life; he shares the difficulties and troubles of his men, takes an interest in the well-being of each company, sees to it that no man wants for anything, visits the sick in the hospital, speaks words of kindness and encouragement to all, has time for everything, and is at all times and under all circumstances calm and unruffled. I am convinced that the Japanese must have an unbounded admiration for their great opponent.

Everybody who has been brought into personal contact with General Kuropatkin must acknowledge that it would be difficult to meet with a more amiable and attractive personality. What most impresses one about the powerful yet harmonious nature of the man is the air of unruffled calm and serenity which sits upon his features. His face bears the unmistakable stamp of goodness, consideration, and self-control. Never has a depreciatory word been uttered about him behind his back, and never has a Russian general been regarded with greater confidence and love by all, from the Tsar himself down to the meanest soldier in the ranks. He will have nothing to do with favoritism or nepotism; he is known for his incorruptible sense of justice, and in making his promotions he has never been guided by any other considerations except those of merit and capacity. If he has any favorites at all in the army, they are the simple Cossacks. He has never abused his power. His own brother, whom I met at Osh in 1902, was then filling a very subordinate post as *pomoshnik* or assistant to the district chief of that small and insignificant town, which might indeed almost

be regarded as a place of deportation in the heart of Asia.

I have heard people express astonishment that General Kuropatkin should carry *ikons* or sacred images with him to the seat of war in the Far East. But it must not be forgotten that General Kuropatkin is a genuine Orthodox Russian of the old stamp, and notwithstanding his intimacy with Western Europeans, especially Frenchmen, he has always remained a Russian. At the same time I believe he is much too practical a man to put his trust in sacred images alone. Nobody will, I suppose, dispute the fact that he is the ablest of living Russian strategists and commanders.

Sven Hedin.

London Times.

OF STYLE.

Style is for most people an ornament added to the essential structure of a prose work, similar to the scrolls, leaf-patterns, and such like, that architects carve on certain stones of a building, which still accomplish another purpose, that of sustaining their share of the masonry. And in these architectural adornments the newest mode—*l'art nouveau*, the French call it, but the Germans *Jungenstyl*—is to make of the carvings a suggestion of all that is most fragile and shifting, curling flames or currents of water (as Leonardo da Vinci would have drawn them), or reeds shaken by the wind. I seem to note a like effort in our modern prose; and it is to be assumed that Professor Raleigh had some such idea in mind when he began his book on *Style* with this definition—

> Style is the art that handles with ever fresh vitality, and wary alacrity, the fluid elements of speech.

For my part, I know not as a general rule how fluids may be handled, unless it be to wash one's hands in them or of them. For my part, too, I conceive another quite different idea of style. In an earlier article, addressed to giving some general aid to the critic, it was our hint to speak of the proper subject matter for the intellect in writing, and the subject matter for the imagination. We saw that to the intellect belonged of right all those subjects wherein a spade is very obviously a spade, where it is sufficient to name a thing to give the reader all he needs, and ambiguities of language are not possible. But to the province of the imagination belong those subjects where, do what you will, ambiguities must remain. Now according to my own second theory of style, it is to get rid of or minimize as much as may be this doubleness of speech, that style comes into existence.

The words "hero" and "heroine" served us before for illustration. You cannot differentiate your heroine from all others of her order by saying that she had golden hair and deep blue eyes; nay, not though you state the same fact in words much rarer and more choice. Add that she was above the middle height, had feet which our fathers would have reckoned too large, and walked like a goddess—still you have not hit your mark. How then can you give individuality to your creation? Mainly by her speech. For, being chosen the right occasions for displaying difference, each man or woman will really distinguish himself from all others of their time and sex by his or by her fashion of speech. So

that, in a novel or drama, where characterization is the chief thing aimed at, the essential of style lies in the dialogue; such gift of style as a writer possesses will display itself there, and such ear as he is master of for the subtle shades of meaning, for the "nice derangement of epitaphs," must open itself to distinguish the talk of one person from the talk of another. And such understanding of style as the reader hath will be shown in his appreciating those fine differences which characterize various speakers. To this end, it is no matter whether the language be of slums or drawing-rooms, knowledge of the value of words, which is the essence of style, will be called for in either case.

And let us pause a moment to note the fact that this definition of style—a method of getting rid of ambiguities of language or minimizing them—applies to other arts, and not to literature alone. On music I am not fitted to speak. But in painting there can be the same division between an intellectual and an imaginative art, and the same kind of ambiguities in the latter which are found in letters. To the honest burgess, for instance, a thatched cottage is always a thatched cottage, a tree is always a tree, a pool a pool, a sunset a sunset. You have only to take the accepted picturesque signs (or words, one might call them) for these things, to group them together, and you have—a Leader—a picture that is after the heart of hearts of your honest burgess. And the painter who is purely intellectual will perforce see all the objects of nature as separate entities, expressed to his mind by separate names, preserving the same general character. But the artist with imagination, that is to say, with keen artistic sensitiveness, knows that a thatched cottage, that the tree, the pool, go through a hundred transformations in the short half hour which comprises an ordinary sunset. A splash of red light on the panes or in the water will not express all he sees in the scene. And the art by which he catches hold on and conveys precisely such effects as he has seen, that will be his style. As in literature, the style may express some personal character—his peculiar way of seeing nature—or it may express some subtle shade in the thing presented, which anybody might see, but nobody save he would have noticed. The word "style" may be used of his workmanship in either case. Only, I think one may say, that if the individual vision is a mere *parti pris*, and therefore monotonous, it can only be called a bad style, and is not essentially better than the absence of style altogether.

There is a certain moment in Stevenson's Jekyll-Hyde story, where the hero-villain in his Hyde incarnation comes to an old friend of Jekyll's, Dr. Lanyon, to help him to transform to the Jekyll state. It is the supremely critical moment in Hyde's life. He thinks he has injured his cause by his impatience, and he apologizes thus:—

> I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon. What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness.

Here, surely, is an example, not of no-style, but of bad style. To a fine ear, that is to a fine sense of what language was and what was not possible in such a situation at such a moment, the whole story receives a blot by the sentence I have quoted, losing its verisimilitude, its power of illusion. You will over and over again find like instances in Stevenson, who is reckoned a model of style. And they arise, not accidentally, but because Stevenson, in despite of a charming gift of words which was his, had a wrong conception of what is essentially a writer's business, thought that

he should be at all times covering his house with ornaments, thought perhaps, with Professor Raleigh, that he should try and perform the impossible task of handling a fluid.

This defect in Stevenson—balanced by eminent merits of style, a defect one need not have noticed, but that Stevenson has been too much held up as a model to the ingenuous youth in letters—was partly the result of certain defects of character (*le style est de l'homme même*): a certain egoism and levity, or, as one may say, childishness; and was partly, I guess, derived from the French. Théophile Gautier says somewhere that:

> The newest most unexpected idea, though it fall on you like a moonstone from the moon, if it find you without the words to express it, then you are no writer.

They are fond of paradoxes, those Frenchmen. But you easily trace here the Frenchman's faith in his *métier*, in knowing all the tricks of the trade. (I read the other day in a French paper that there are just thirty-five different situations or combinations possible for a play. How satisfactory to have it all settled! So the playwright has only to take his choice. . .) Baudelaire reports—and he means it for praise—that in conversation Gautier's sentences came out so clear and well-ordered that they might have been printed straight away. In other words, Gautier talked like a book. But to talk like a book one's self is as much a sin against style as to make one of your characters do so. In the old-fashioned novel, even in Scott's and Dickens's novels, talking like a book is a privilege reserved for the hero and heroine, who rarely fail to claim it. Stevenson himself, though his talk was often delightfully witty and was always spiritual, had something of the same fault which Gautier had. It comes from a wish to play hero to your audience. He gave one a little the impression of talking for effect. Now to pontificate is a defect of style.

On the other hand, Newman has recorded that he never had any other object in view than to convey as clearly as possible his thought to his reader. That is the other theory of style.

No doubt there has been something in the influence of the time which caused and partly justified that rather precious writing which was Stevenson's—searching the dictionary for unfamiliar words and so on—and through his authority, through Mr. Meredith's too (only his case is a little different), has been so broadly scattered forth in imitations. For—if I may venture on a judgment—there exists a curious parallel to it in Mr. Whistler's painting. There is an immense charm in the style of both, Stevenson's and Whistler's, a something which in neither case have we ever had before, and should have lost much if it had never been. The atmosphere in which Stevenson wraps all his Arabian Nights stories is a thing inexpressible by other words than his. Changing what needs to be changed, you taste the same sort of pleasure in Whistler's Nocturnes and Symphonies; and Whistler, now that he is dead, is creating the same kind of school and formula which Stevenson created. But I deny that either artist drew direct from Nature, or that Man as Man, and not used (so to say) decoratively, is to be met with in either. Of course you don't expect it in Stevenson's heroines—if you are wise. His Catrionas and such like have been copied a hundred times, more rudely indeed, but with the same essential features, in romances that followed. But even the men, stripped of their romantic clothing, would not be utterly alive. The Alan Brecks, the Masters of Ballantrae, the David Balfours, belong each to

his own atmosphere, where real life seems to hover very near, but never descends upon the scene. It is the same, I deem, with Whistler's portraits. Put beside the painter the brutal truth of Manet, beside the writer the truth of Gorky (not brutal, though at first glance it seems so), and then you can judge. This criticism is, however, beside the mark, except to show the effect of a style which is partly good in that it is, in Stevenson, full of individuality and charm; partly bad, in that it tends to let that charming individuality obscure the personages of his dramas. Stevenson's imagination was his own: and, for the times when you can put yourself in his attitude of mind, there is a perennial delight in what he tells you. But "charm" is the word which expresses this pleasure; it is something beside ordinary life. His people do not go with you wherever you go, as, for instance, Scott's personages—the more homely sort—may very well do. And, in the Stevensonian sense, Scott had no style at all. You never have with Stevenson the feeling that he is so eager to make a thing clear to you and vivid, that he has forgotten his style altogether. And that is really the essence of good writing, that at the time you hardly notice it—in accord with Horace's aphorism. Such would be the essence of the style which aimed, not at giving the pleasure of a new art, a thing in itself, but at lessening the forced ambiguities of speech.

Of this—I doubt the *real* style—I have as yet only supposed one occasion for its use: that was the predominant wish to present some creature of your imagination as he or she would appear upon the stage of life. And that way we saw was by dialogue. The majority of books have not this special creative purpose; but they may be accounted a sort of dialogue between the author and his reader, wherein indeed the second plays but a silent part, and yet is necessary to the drama. If you are discoursing of things near and far in time or place, of things seen by the natural eye or with the imaginative eye of history—*res gestæ regum ducumque et fortia bella*—a journey round your room, or what you have found in other books, small or great, or of your meditations, philosophies, religions, it will still be something of a dialogue between the two of you, writer and reader; and part of the writer's business will still be to make the person who is speaking utter a language which is wholly natural to *him*, and utter nothing, whether of erudition or any other matter, which has not really become a part of the speaker. When you stray out of these limits you step into a bad style. For my part, I can never see why a man should not be allowed to make a misquotation if it is not serious, seeing that he would be giving the passage just as he remembered it; seeing that so he would be giving, not the sweepings of a note-book, but what was bone of the bone of his mind, as one may say. The older writers often did that; but our precision to-day disallows the practice. We should not perhaps permit any longer in an historian even that sort of quotation by memory which Macaulay uses, whereby his style is never interrupted, and becomes indeed essentially a good style as it is of "the man himself"; though, in that the man himself was not of the highest order, the style too is not of the very best. But when a writer has to refer at every moment to his notes, what can you expect?—why surely the style of the late Professor Gardiner, which is none at all, or Freeman's, which, I hold, is worse than nothing, for it is of a man who deems it necessary to rise at stated intervals from bending over his desk, and to pump you out a stream of cold rhetoric.

It is indeed impossible to combine art

and science, as Freeman and some of our historians dream of doing. Either the events of history are so simple that the mere words convey them adequately: that is as much as to say there is no human element in them; or, if there be a human element, no resources of art are more than enough, none are enough indeed, to give you the realities of the life of the past. Mere processions of names and events are not realities, else the marriage columns of *The Times* would be themselves romances. And you must choose which you will deal with. If there is any special good to be got from catalogues of battles, sieges, laws, treaties, these things can be given with only such style as is needed to expound the discoveries of science: they are science, of a sort. But if your object is to convey a poignant, an actual idea of events in which *men* take a part, do you suppose that it needs style to tell a fictitious story, and no style to tell the verities of human existence? In such a case, then, you must have recourse to all that art can muster; and that speech which makes the thing most real is the best of styles. Such is the style of Carlyle in his *French Revolution;* and such Michelet's style. They, at all events, give you the actualities of the past as the writers see them. You will say perhaps: "Not as they really were." By that you mean, not as they would have seemed to you. That, of course, is possible. In this case it is as with a painter painting a picture. He may not be conscientious. But the very first condition of his painting any sort of reality is, that he should learn to see with his *own* eyes. If all the while he is at work he is thinking of your judgment, of what your eyes would see, his pains are lost before he begins.

There is indeed this point of truth in Gautier's doctrine, as we stated it just now, that ideas and the language which conveys them cannot be treated as things separate, and that style, to be good, must seem inevitable. This would be just the case in an imaginary dialogue between two persons in fiction. If you could suppose Stevenson and Whistler and the other Stevenson (Bob) and Henley (if you like) discoursing on this subject under the sign of the Mermaid in the Zodiac, and the stenograph of the dialogue brought down to us, you would (suppose you knew the interlocutors) know infallibly who had uttered each sentence, though the discourse might have taken a direction you could not foresee. And in that other sort of dialogue whereof I have spoken, the second member in it, who is the reader, should know inevitably that it is you who say such and such things, and not another. That, I imagine, is what Gautier was driving at; and that is what every writer more or less vaguely feels. Only, he often seeks odd ways of bringing the result about; as French art-students try and make themselves conspicuous by wearing strange velveteen garments and fantastically slouched hats. They never reflect nor perceive that, as half their comrades do the same, they are in fact disguised, and not displayed.

This is the very heart of the mystery of style—the knowing how to be individual and natural at once. Yet I question whether mystery be the right word to use, if it make you think of the "mystery" of wood-carving or the "mystery" of cobbling. These can be acquired by practice; but the essential of that is a gift of Nature. All that a man can achieve is to be natural: all that he can undo is to hide his individuality, if he have one, by affectation. But it cannot be said that every man, however free from affectation, is in literature an individual. He may be so in life. "To be original you have only got to be sincere," Carlyle says. In life perhaps.

But not in literature: that is not enough; though it is the *first* necessity.

There is not one "you" but many—there is with all of us—according to your moods. You are not compelled on every occasion to show your heart of hearts—

To preach as never sure to preach again;
And as a dying man to dying men.

Style is, in one sense, an easier matter to a Newman, always intensely in earnest, or to a Carlyle, than to an Elia or a Thackeray, or any one who places continually a point of irony between himself and his audience. But their attitude does not need or presuppose the least of affectation. Always, be your mood what it may, you will seek and hope to find the words which belong to it, which make ambiguity and misunderstanding between you and the reader as unlikely as such can be made. Only, I hope that, instead of being one of your many "yous," you will not fancy yourself Shakespeare, or Milton, or Carlyle, or Mr. Meredith, or Mr. Kipling: for, for anyone out of his childhood in life or letters, on such a road lies lunacy.

There is an opposite kind of folk who never know if they have individual opinions, tastes, feelings, or have them not; or else are afraid of being detected, which comes to the same thing. So they take refuge behind the hackneyed words and phrases of a language, the commonest commonplaces of speech; and they mistake that for simplicity. It is nothing of the sort. An individual view exacts a certain distinctiveness, and that is a certain distinction of language. It must, for instance, be distinguished from journalese, which aims the other way, which tries after the trite phrase and image, because at the first reading these will catch a larger number of suffrages. Not long ago I saw, in one of our weeklies, a plea for the writing of a kind of poetry which should come nearer the facts of life and *not appeal so much to the imagination!* What did the writer mean by the "facts of life"? The scientific facts? Poetry has nothing to do with such. It has to do with nought at all that is not touched with imagination. Nor has style in prose. So long as you are recording facts in a scientific way you have no need of style, as has been already said: and to dress these up in any form of language but the most familiar would be an insincerity. Style begins when the art of writing begins; and that is just when you present something human, some character and some emotion (the first implies the second), the character and emotion of an imaginary being, or your own character and emotion, face to face with the reader, the delight or humor or admiration or wonder you find in that thing of the external world or that thought of the metaphysical world. But all words, by the frequency of their use, lose something of their virility; and if you never stepped outside the range of your journal or your everyday conversation, you could never express an idea or a feeling which was essentially yours.

The two extremes meet here in being alike disguises—those who, when speaking of familiar things in commonplace conditions, seen under no stress of feeling, clothe their thoughts in a language culled out of dictionaries, and those who fancy they can, at no time, in no circumstances, use words which are not in the currency of every day. The first, like our art-students in their velveteens, if they attract attention to their garb withdraw it from their faces; and the second hide their faces altogether.

This is as much as need be said here of style, while leaving out of account the element of *intonation;* for that will best be explained if at a later time I

write of poetry. This is indeed a necessary part of all good prose—the mere cadence of sound. But the part which it plays in prose is less than, and yet parallel to, its function in verse. One of the conditions of all poetry—and likewise of all good style in prose—is that the writer's mind should be crowded with ideas, that he should have much more to say than he can possibly find space to say. Why in such circumstances he must call in the aid of intonation, and the cadences of words, that is to show hereafter. Let it be enough to notice in this place, that this particular part of style—the intonation, the tonality, if you like that word the best—is in prose used most often for expressing the personality of the writer: the rise and fall of sentences, the use of long words or short words, the mere alternation of vowel-sounds: these things belong more or less to each writer who has a style of his own—to Macaulay one sort, to Johnson one sort, to Hooker one sort, to Thackeray one sort of cadence or tonality in their prose, taken as a whole. It is this part of style, more than any other, which is "of the man himself."

The task then before our critic who aspires to be a critic of style is no easy labor. And one cannot lay down for him golden rules. But I am sure the first and best one is, that he should get rid of the idea that style is a kind of polish, or an external ornament added to the essential of writing. The second danger (but that is like unto the first) is, that he should think he must be on the watch to detect and make known the beauties of an author's style. Horace stands straight in his path with the maxim touching the *summa ars*. That style alone is of the best which is in the first place unobtrusive, in the second which does in the long run convey an impression of individuality, in the third place of an individuality high above the commonplace. Macaulay never achieved this third stage. But our modern "stylist" aims at this alone, neglecting the first two conditions, nay, spurning them as hindrances to his art.

I will not end without glancing at a third conception of style—that notion of Flaubert's that language comes as it were a gift from the outward object or influence which is the subject of the writing, or the cause of it. Flaubert's theory was (we know) that there was *one right way* of describing any subject for description—say a Norman farm like that where Madame Bovary was born and bred—one right way and no other. And I cannot see but that this amounts to a theory that the style must come from without, not from within. I bring this doctrine upon the *tapis*, but I do not mean to discuss it. At a first glance, it seems to have no meaning; at a second to be at any rate in direct contradiction, not only to all that has been said in this article, but to all known theories of style. Notwithstanding, it is a doctrine to which I, for one, not a little incline. If I were to give my reasons of agreement, they would seem almost mystic. And so I rather refrain.

C. F. Keary.

THE DECLINE OF PARLIAMENT.

We are nowadays constantly within hearing of elections and electioneering; and side by side with the clamor of this machinery complaints are as constantly heard of the unsatisfactory character of the results accomplished. Parliamentary institutions may be said to be past being on their trial. The newer age condemns them. If these complaints had been confined to the experience of Parliament in some European countries, we might be content with the old explanation that the mischances arose from a foolish attempt to apply the principles of Parliamentary government to races and communities not prepared for their reception. Why complain if a Slav Sobranje breaks down, or even if an Austrian Reichsrath proves unworkable? Unfortunately, the complaints are perhaps more frequently heard from Anglo-Saxon communities, where the genius of the people has been supposed pre-eminently fitted for the successful management of Parliaments, and where long-standing use has made the forms and methods of Parliamentary procedure familiar to every citizen. Mr. Bryce has told us of the curious length to which popular feeling in respect of their Legislatures has run in some of the Western States. They are debarred from meeting more than a strictly limited number of days in the year, or perhaps from meeting oftener than every other year. A more recent form of restraint, which has, I believe, become established in one or two instances, would require that no Act of the Legislature should have the force of law until it has been submitted to and approved by a popular vote. The principle of a Referendum, familiar enough in Swiss politics, has not yet been seriously discussed among ourselves, but it was acted upon in Australia, where the Constitution of the Commonwealth was submitted to popular votes after having been approved by the Legislatures of the constituent States. Opinions will doubtless differ as to what would have been the result had some recent Acts of Parliament—for example, the Licensing Act or the Education Act—been submitted to a *plébiscite* of the nation, as a condition precedent of their becoming law; but the suggestion of such a procedure may not be unprofitable to consider, and the fact that it can be made illustrates an abiding uncertainty as to whether Parliament can always be trusted as an expression of the national will.

We must approach the subject in a different manner if we would form a correct estimate of the decline of Parliamentary authority among ourselves. It would be well in the first place to recall how that authority stood in its highest manifestation, say during the fifty years which followed 1832. What were the distinguishing characteristics of Parliamentary action during that half-century? As Mr. Bagehot pointed out, Parliament evolved a Committee called the Cabinet, to which was entrusted the administration of the several political departments and the preparation of the principal new projects of law. The expression of the will of the majority of the Legislature, and presumptively of the nation, was thus secured, but the service of Parliament went much beyond this. Within its Sessions the conduct of the Administration was continuously criticised, and the House of Commons justified its claim to be the Grand Inquest of the nation by the discussion of the grievances of all classes of the people.

The majority ruled through the Ministry. Minorities were heard with growing success through the representatives of discontented sections and the advocates of progressive change. One set of men pressed for economy of expenditure, and materially helped to secure it. Another set exposed the wants and the sufferings of the day-laborers, whether in the field, mine or factory, or on shipboard. Another set directed attention to the criminal law and its punishments, especially that of transportation, and, in connection with this last, our colonial relations necessarily came under review. Irish representatives could not fail to press upon their fellow-members the grievances only too plentifully supplied through the bad laws and bad administration of the sister island. Yet another illustration, which the reader may have earlier expected, is found in the battle against the evil legislation which throttled industry and commerce, and imposed unjust taxes on the food of the poorest of the people. Such activities were the glory of Parliamentary history, and whilst they severally ended in success, more or less complete when the majority and the Ministers representing the majority found themselves carrying through the measures of reform so long agitated, it must ever be remembered that it was through minorities, and private members representing minorities, that the work of conversion was begun and conducted up to the last stage of victory. There was work outside as well as within Parliament. The platform and the Press aided in the labor. But the highest education which animated the platform and instructed the Press was achieved in Parliament, where advocacy and criticism met, and the inertia of Conservative opinion was overcome by the energy of reason.

It would be a pitiful contrast to go step by step through a comparison of the Parliament of the mid-nineteenth century and Parliament as it appears at the opening of the twentieth century. We cannot get rid of Ireland, and as long as money is voted for the service of Irish departments the defects of Irish government will continue to be brought under review. But apart from this, how complete is the change! The old combination of the energy of private members and the activity of Ministers has disappeared. The time allotted to the former has been curtailed, and new obstacles have arisen to prevent them from effectively using the hours still left at their command. Forms of procedure have been developed or abused, so as to take away in the House of Commons the power of bringing under discussion subjects which most urgently require it. The transformation is admitted, and is not unfrequently justified. It is claimed that the work of Parliament is to pass laws, and laws can be passed only when introduced by a Government commanding the confidence of the Legislature. Private members are reduced to impotence, but they deserve no better fate. They accomplish at best an idle intrusion into the arena and a waste of time that could be usefully employed. If the records of the last century are appealed to, the answer is that all the great work then required to be done has been done, and there is nothing left now to parallel the exigencies of the past. This line is taken by those who voice the majority which desires no change. I have no doubt a similar opinion was cherished, if not expressed, by faithful supporters of Ministers fifty years ago. It betrays a singular lack of imagination, not to say a dull unintelligence, as to the capabilities of the future. The politician must be strangely constituted who thinks that our land laws are beyond the discussion of change, and that no Parliamentary time could be well spent in canvassing proposals for

their improvement. What shall we say of the condition of the people which in respect of household tenure and beneficent municipal activity depends so much upon these laws? Are the problems of education and of ecclesiastical organization completely solved? The question of colonial relations deserves a better fate than that of being brought forward at the fag-end of platform declamations in favor of Protection. In our better times the statesman interested in it would have addressed his most careful argument to his fellows in the House of Commons. Who again can fail to see how much work might be done through Parliament in the development of international friendship and the reduction of armaments? No failure of subjects can excuse the limitation of private members' opportunities in the House of Commons. Nor can any defence of it be found in the plea that newspapers now do the work which was done by such men as Hume, Cobden, Lord Ashley, Molesworth and their compeers. Newspapers chronicle and pursue the work of others. The editor of a daily newspaper can hardly afford to look beyond his nose. When debates originate in Parliament, newspapers perforce report them and offer some comment upon them. The flip-flap opinions thus expressed, backing and filling with wind, may not be of much value; but they draw attention to what is going on, the real, motive power lying in that force to which they simply testify.

The energy of Parliament has declined, Parliamentary authority declines with it, and the nation has suffered thereby. There is no want of subjects requiring discussion, and no substitute for Parliamentary discussion has been found. There remains, however, the parlous plea that the men of past generations are wanting. The eager reforming spirits of the past are not in the House of Commons. If they were, they would soon assert themselves and make the necessary channels for their activity. Here, I think, we touch the real source of decay. And yet it is difficult to believe that nature is not as prolific to-day as yesterday in men ardently eager to work for the public good. The sources of reforming energy have not dried up. Has there been any change in the organization of public life limiting or denying the facility of entrance into the House of Commons of the power that once found its way there?

The change in our electoral machinery, under the operation of which members are returned by single-member constituencies, has quietly effected a radical change in the character of the House itself. Local influences formerly produced irregularly enough a great variety in the composition of the House of Commons. When a man was patron of his own borough or lord of his own district he was independent enough, and if self-will often produced nothing but wilful eccentricity it sometimes expressed a rough invaluable commonsense. When again there were two members to be returned for a constituency, it was common and almost necessary to run, as candidates, representatives of two wings of a party, thus producing in the House of Commons different grades of political opinion. And again, it was not an accident that, with the redivision of the country, there sprang into existence federal party organizations, highly centralized, which have become more and more actively engaged in the formation of programmes, the introduction of candidates, and, most of all, in the direct management of elections. A General Election may happen so hurriedly as not to find this widespreading machinery fully prepared for its work; but there is generally sufficient forewarning, and in bye-elections the machinery is constantly exhibited in full opera-

tion. The result is seen in a decline in the quality of candidates and in the growing poverty of Parliamentary life. Any one who would wish to study the process in detail may be recommended to read Ostrogorski's book, "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," a monument of years of careful and acute industry devoted to a patient study of political developments here and in the United States. The elaboration of the "machine" has not reached the degree of perfection among ourselves that it has across the Atlantic, but the process is of the same character. The force of individuality declines. Large views and the advocacy of great ideas are discredited. The men who are in request are those who will fall into their places according to pattern, and there is such a standardization of items that no difficulty can be found in replacing any link that accidentally drops out. I repeat that this is not realized among ourselves everywhere and at once—"dark horses" will creep in provided they can keep their qualities in obscurity at first, which is a bad preparation for subsequent independence—but it is sufficiently realized to deaden enthusiasm for causes among the electorate and to produce that lack of energy in the House of Commons which lies at the bottom of the decay of Parliamentary life and of Parliamentary authority.

Generations do, without doubt, differ from one another in vitality; and it may be that we are passing through a somewhat listless period. But we may as well make as good use as we can of the materials we have. The nation is still rich enough in public-spirited thinkers and workers, and Parliament might be rich too, if we cleared away the obstructions which make narrow and difficult the ways into it. A comparatively simple change holds the promise of a complete transformation. If, instead of single-member constituencies, we had constituencies of half-a-dozen members, and provisions enabling different groups of electors within each constituency to get a representative for themselves if they were of adequate size to justify the claim, we should at once emancipate electors and candidates. We should give the first the strongest of motives for securing a direct representation of themselves in the Legislature, and we should give the elected a secure standing-place on which he could rely as long as he was true to himself and held the faith which animated his followers. Under such a scheme each large provincial town would be one constituency, and the elements of political life within it would be in living connection with the House of Commons. Difficulties such as those connected with the claims of labor to representation would disappear, and the Conservative member would not be in imminent peril, though he remained an obstinate Free-Fooder. Parliament would have all the variety and vigor of life. I do not enter into an exposition of the machinery of election, by which this real representation is effected. It has been proved over and over again to be very easily worked, and the experiment could be tried any winter evening by any set of men or women that liked to put it to the test. If we cross the narrow seas to Belgium we should find a system of proportional representation working there to the great satisfaction of all parties, who have found in it a solution of difficulties which at one time threatened the nation with anarchical convulsions.

Why do we not adopt some similar method here? The real objection is found in use and wont and the aversion of those who are "in" to entertain any suggestion of changes in the ways which they have found sufficient for themselves. But there are two

pleas which are advanced in front of, and by way of covering, this real obstacle. The first is that members so independently elected are bound to be troublesome, unmanageable fellows. Experience does not support this apprehension. In our best days the strongest advocates of particular ideas were found to be thoroughly practical members of the House of Commons, and the forces of self-adjustment may be trusted to maintain a well-developed organization out of such elements. Parliamentary life has become smoother in Belgium, where Liberals and Socialists, once in mortal enmity, are able to co-operate together in common causes, and even members of the left wing of the Clerical party fine off in the way of amity towards men of other parties. The second plea is that the two-party system would be destroyed. The necessity of the two-party system is a postulate politicians are fond of assuming. I have noticed that Mr. Balfour often refers to it—not, indeed, as a thing proved, but as something which it is convenient to take for granted. He is a very clever man, and I am persuaded he has no settled conviction on the subject. If questioned he would give it the go-by, and he would probably evade discussion because in his moments of speculation he has seen how short of proof is the case for its necessity. The Tadpoles and Tapers who have not probed things to the same depth doubtless feel a genuine apprehension of any danger that can touch the two-party system. They may be comforted with the assurance that it is not easily destructible. It has its roots in human nature, and the real question of public policy is whether it might not be to our advantage that the strictness of its discipline should be abated. Who can pretend that the process of dividing politicians into two camps and of drilling the men in each to think alike and speak alike over against the men of the other tends to the development of sincerity or assists in the apprehension of truth? The late Lord Carnarvon confessed one day that he had discovered with pain that the Conservative party was an organized hypocrisy. A cynic would remark that the discovery erred only in its limitation; and there is truth enough in the sneer to justify us in bidding the timid to be of good heart, even though the two-party system be broken down at its edges. After all, there is something in the large generalization that the way of freedom is the way of safety and not of peril. A reform which liberates the development of thought and of counsel among the citizens of a nation carries a recommendation in advance of itself.

The Monthly Review. *Leonard Courtney.*

THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES.

VASCO'S SWEETHEART.

"As to that," said the Vrouw Grobelaar, answering a point that no one had raised, "it has been seen over and over again that sin leaves its mark. Do you not trust or avoid a man because there is honor or wickedness in his face? Ah, men's faces are the writing on the wall, and only the Belshazzars cannot read them.

"But the marks go deeper than a lowering brow or a cruel mouth. Men may die and leave behind them no monuments save their sin. Of such a case I remember one instance.

"Before my second husband was married to his first wife he lived out yonder, on the Portuguese border, and in the thick of the fever country. I have not seen the place, but it is badly spoken of for a desolate, unchancy land, bad for cattle, and only good to hunters. My second husband was a great hunter, and died, as you know, through having his body crushed by a lion. The people out there are not good Boer stock, but a wild and savage folk, with dark blood in them.

"I only know this story from my second husband, but it took hold of me, as he used to tell it. There was a family in those parts of the name of Preez. No relation to the Du Preez you know, who are well enough in their way, but Preez simply,—a short name and a bad one. They were big holders of land, with every reason to be rich, but bad farmers, lazy hunters, and deep drinkers. The Kaffirs down there make a drink out of fruit which is very fiery and conquers a man quickly, and these people were always to be seen half drunk, or else stupid from the stuff. Old Preez, the father, in particular, was a terrible man, by all tellings; full three score and ten years of age, but strong, fiery, and full of oaths. My second husband used to say there was something in the look of him that daunted one; for his hair and his beard were white, his face was savagely red, and his eyes were like hot coals. And with it all he had a way of looking on you that made you run from him. When he was down with drink and fever he would cry out in a terrible voice that his mother was a queen's daughter and he was a prince."

"I have heard of the people you speak of," I said. "They are half-Portuguese, and perhaps the old man was not wholly lying."

"Um! Well, prince or not, he married in his youth a woman of the half-blood, and begot of her a troop of devils. Five sons he had, all great men, knowing not God and fearing none of God's works. And after them came a daughter, a puling slip of a thing, never meant to live, whom they did to death among them with their drinking and blaspheming and fighting.

"My second husband told me tales of that family that set my blood freezing. He had his own way of telling stories, and made you see pictures, as it were. Once, he used to say, for a trifle spoken concerning them and their ways, they visited a missionary by night, dragged him from his bed, and crucified him against his door, while his wife clung to the old man's knees and besought the mercy they never gave and never got. Even the wild folk of the country-side were stricken with the horror and impiety of the deed; and it says much for the fear in which the Preez family were held that none molested them or called them to account.

"In the end the eldest of the five sons took a mind to marry and to leave some of his accursed stock to plague the world when it should be delivered from him and his brothers. They cast about for a wife for him, and were not content with the first that offered. They had their pride, the Preez, and in their place a fair measure of respect, for among the wicked, you know, the devil is king. From one farmhouse to another they rode, dragging forth women and girls to be looked at like cattle. Many a tall, black-browed hussy would have been content to go away with Vasco Preez (such was his unchristian name), but he was not willing to do right by any of them.

"They were returning home from one of these expeditions when they passed a lowly house beside the road with no fence around it. But before the house stood a girl on the grass, with her *kapje* in her hand, to see the six

big men ride by. She was little and slim, and, unlike the maidens of the country, whitish, with a bunch of yellow hair on the top of her head and hanging over her ears. The others would have passed her by, judging her unworthy even an insult, but Vasco reined in his horse and shouted a great oath.

"'The woman for me!' he cried. 'The woman I was looking for! I never knew what I wanted before.'

"The others halted to look, and the girl, frightened, ran into the house. Vasco got down from his horse.

"'Fetch the filly out,' shouted the old man. 'Fetch her out and let us see her paces.'

"Vasco walked straight into the little house, while the others waited, laughing. They heard no screams and no fighting, and presently out comes Vasco alone.

"He went over to his horse and mounted. 'There is nothing to wait for,' he said. 'Let us be getting on.'

"'But the girl?' cried one of his brothers. 'Is she dead, or what?'

"'No,' said Vasco, 'but she would not come.'

"'Would not come!' bellowed the old father, while the others laughed. 'Did you say she would not come?'

"'That is what I said,' answered Vasco, sitting his horse very straight, and scowling at the lot of them.

"'He has a fever,' cried the old man, looking from one to another. 'He is light in the head. My faith! I believe the girl has been beating him with a stick. Here, one of you,' he roared, turning on them, 'get down and kick the girl out of the door. We'll have a look at the witch!'

"Koos, the youngest, sprang from his saddle and made towards the house; but he was not gone five paces before Vasco spurred his horse onto him and knocked him down.

"'Keep off,' he said then, turning to face them all, as Koos rose slowly. 'If I cannot bring the girl out none of you can, and you had better not try. Whoever does will be hurt, for I shall stand in front of the door.'

"And he went straight to the house, and, dismounting, stood in the doorway, with his hands resting on the beam above his head. He was a big man, and he filled the door.

"'Hear him,' foamed the old father. 'God, if I were as young as any of you, I would drag the girl across his body. Sons, he has defied us, and the girl has bewitched him. Run at him, lads, and bring them both out!'

"They all came towards the house in a body, but stopped when Vasco raised his hand.

"'I warn you,' he told them—'I warn you to let the matter be. This will not be an affair of fighting, with only broken bones to mend when it is over. If I take hold of any one after this warning, that man will be cold before the sun sets. And to show you how useless this quarrel is, I will ask the girl once more if she will come out. You all saw her?'

"'Yes,' they answered; 'but what is this foolery about asking her?'

"'You saw her—very well.' He raised his voice and called into the house, 'Melsje, will you not come out? I ask you to.'

"There was silence for a moment, and then they heard the answer. 'No,' it said; 'I will stay where I am. And you are to go away.'

"'As soon as may be, my girl,' called Vasco in answer. 'Now,' he said to the men, 'you see she will not come.'

"'But, man, in the name of God, cast her over your shoulder and carry her out,' cried the father.

"Vasco looked at him. 'Not this one,' he said. 'She shall do as she pleases.'

"Then they rushed on him, but he stepped out from the door, and caught

young Koos round the middle. With one giant's heave he raised him aloft and dashed him at the gang, scattering them right and left, and knocking one to the ground, where he remained motionless. But Koos lay like a broken tool or a smashed vessel, as dead men lie. And all the while Vasco talked to them.

"'Come on,' he was saying. 'Come all of you. We shall never do anything but fight now. I see plainly we ought to have fought long ago. Bring her out, indeed.'

"They paused after that, aghast at the fury of the man they were contending against. But the old man gave them no rest.

"'Get sticks,' he cried to them—'get sticks and kill him.'

"They dragged beams from a hut roof, and one of them took a heavy stone. Vasco stood back and watched them till they came forward again.

"The one with the stone came first, but it was too big to throw from a distance, and he dared not go near. The others approached with caution, and Vasco stood still, with his hands resting as before at the top of the door. They were bewildered at his manner, and very cautious, but at length they drew near and rushed at him.

"Then a most astonishing thing happened. With one wrench Vasco tore the thick architrave from the wall, a beam as thick as a man's thigh, and smote into the middle of them. Where he hit the bone gave and the flesh fell away, and as they ran from before him the wall fell in.

"Down came the wall, and with it the heavy beams on the roof. The old father, cursing over a broken arm, heard the girl scream, and saw the wreck come crashing about Vasco's shoulders till he disappeared below it. And then, where the house had been stood a ruin, with two souls buried in the midst of it.

"It steadied them like a dash of cold water. However they might fight among themselves, they were loyal to one another. Besides the old father, with his broken arm, there was only one other that could put a hand to the work, and together they started to drag away the beams and bricks and stones that covered Vasco and the girl.

"I know they were wicked men who are in hell long since, but I cannot contain a sort of admiration for the spirit that fastened them to their toil all that long night,—the old man with his broken arm, the young one with a dozen horrid wounds. As the sky paled towards morning, they discovered the girl dead, and leaving her where she lay they wrought on to uncover Vasco.

"When they found him he was crushed and broken, and pierced in many places with splinters and jagged broken ends of wood. But he had his senses still, and smiled as they cleared the thatch from above his face.

"The old man looked at him carefully. 'You are dying, my son,' he said.

"'Of course,' answered Vasco. 'Is that Renault?' He smiled again at his brother. 'So there are two of you alive, anyhow. How about the others?'

"'Two dead,' answered his father. 'And the other will not walk again all his days. You are a terrible fighter, my son.'

"'Yes,' answered Vasco, in a faint voice. 'It was the girl, you see.'

"'She was a witch, then?' asked the old man.

"'No,' said Vasco, smiling. 'Or, perhaps, yes. I do not know. But I will fight for her again if you like.'

"'Oho! so that is it,' and the old man knelt down beside him. '*Now*, I see,' he said. 'I never guessed before—did not know it was in you. My son, I ask you to forgive us.'

"'I forgive, but where is she?'

"'Dead. No, it was none of our

doing. You did it,—the roof fell on her. We will lay you together.'

"'Do so,' replied Vasco. 'I think I am dying now.'

"'Yes,' answered the father. 'Your face is becoming gray. Your throat will rattle in a minute. Look here; this is what my mother used to do.'

"And he did thus," said the Vrouw Grobelaar, giving a very good imitation of the sign of the cross.

"But that was not a bad ending," cried Katje. "I think it was beautiful. I hope Vasco and the girl went straight to God."

The Vrouw Grobelaar sighed.

Perceval Gibbon.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS—"ANCIENT" AND "MODERN."

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!

Such are the opening words of the splendid morning hymn which Milton puts into the mouths of our first parents in their sinless Paradise, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." A poet's dream, perchance; yet we can hardly refuse to believe that a song not unlike this burst from the hearts of the first beings who on this globe of ours found themselves with eyes to see the glories of Nature, with intellects to soar through realms of space, and with souls to adore the All-Father who had made them lords of that fair earth.

Nor do any records of old belie such imaginings. In all we find the same recognition of an all-creating First Cause, the same appeal for protection against evil, the same aspiration of the spirit towards reunion with the central flame from which its divine spark was kindled.

Then from adoration of the Spirit of the Cosmos the bard of old passes to the glorification of the divine in man, and as he chants the deeds of demi-gods and heroes the hymn proper merges into the epic:

First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then
The Rest of Immortals,
The Action of men.

It is, however, the hymn, and not the epic, which we have here to consider.

It would be hard to decide between the relative antiquity of the sacred verses which have descended to us. The worshippers of ancient Egypt have left their ritual chants on the papyri guarded by their dead, while in the libraries of Babylonia are found clay tablets showing the kinship of their devotion to that of their Hebrew brothers.

The Vedic hymns emerge from the primal mists of Indian history; while the devotees of Zoroaster hardly hesitate to claim that the Gâthas, or first hymns of his followers, date from ten or fifteen hundred years before Christ, and that the copies still existing are amongst the earliest inscribed on parchment.

Says the Gâtha:

The Almighty numbers our words,
Deeds done aforetime remembering;
He knoweth what shall be hereafter,
To us shall it be as He willeth.

The Vedic hymns, praising the Almighty in His countless revelations of Himself in Nature, still have the underlying instinct of unity. "Who is the

God," say they, "to whom we shall offer sacrifice?" And the answer comes:

He who gives breath, He who gives strength, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death . . .

He who by His sun first looked even over the waters which held power, and generated the sacrifice—He who alone is God above all gods.

And why should we hesitate to hold these hymns as addressed to the God of Abraham when St. Paul claims for the Eternal the song of his own fellow-countryman? Aratus was born in Cilicia about 260 years before Christ, and he began his "Phenomena" with the famous invocation from which the Apostle quoted when addressing the philosophers at Athens. It has been thus rendered:[1]

Let us begin from God. Let every mortal raise
His grateful voice to tune God's endless praise.
God fills the heaven—the earth—the sea—the air:
We feel His spirit moving here, and everywhere.
And we His offspring are. He ever good
Daily provides for man his daily food. . . .
To Him—the First—the Last—all homage yield,
Our Father—Wonderful—our Help—our Shield.

We must not linger over the countless songs, choral, dramatic, and didactic, addressed to the Power recognized as Alpha and Omega by so-called Pagans, but rather hasten on to the Christian era.

Though the early Christians doubtless took the first sacred songs used in their services from the Hebrews, the name "hymn" is the Greek "hymnos," and no special distinction seems to have been drawn between the "psalms and hymns" which St. Paul recommended to the Church.

Many references to hymns used in religious services are found in the early Fathers, and tradition says that Ignatius, who suffered martyrdom about 107 A.D., introduced antiphonal singing into the Church of Antioch after a vision of angels who were thus glorifying the Almighty.

Tertullian describes the "Agapæ," or love-feasts, of his day, and says that after hand-washing and bringing in lights, each man was invited to come forward and sing verses of praise either from Holy Scripture or of his own composition. It is not recorded whether a limit was put to the length or frequency of any individual poet's performance!

Translations of some of these very early hymns are sung in our day, notably the "Gloria in excelsis" in our Communion service. This was originally a Greek morning hymn, dating at least from the fourth and possibly from the second century. It was subsequently translated into Latin and imported into the Roman liturgy. Unfortunately hymnody could not remain untainted by theological controversy, but fell a prey to the disputes of Arius and Athanasius. Early in the fourth century the latter had rebuked his rival for certain hymns by which he had endeavored to popularize his doctrines. Towards the close of the same century the defeated Arians, though still numerous in Constantinople, were allowed no place of worship within the city walls. They avenged themselves by assembling at sunset on Saturdays, Sundays, and great festivals, and, gathering in porticos and other places of public resort, they sang all night songs expressing their own views, and often adding taunts and insults to the ortho-

[1] By Dr. Lamb. He, however, translates "Dios" "Jove."

dox. Chrysostom, who was then bishop, was not to be outdone. At the expense of the Empress Eudoxia, who was then his friend, he organized counter-processions, with hymns, silver crosses, wax tapers, and other spectacular attractions. As a natural consequence riots ensued, there was bloodshed on both sides, and, the Empress's chief eunuch being injured, public singing by Arians was suppressed by edict. Nevertheless, the custom of nocturnal hymn-singing on special occasions, though introduced in this stormy manner, was continued in the Church.

Hymns were extremely popular in the Eastern Church before they made their way to the Western communities. The Arian disputes played their part here also. St. Augustine tells us that when Justina, mother of the Emperor Valentinian, who favored these heretics, wished to remove Bishop Ambrose from his see, devout people assembled to protect him, and kept guard in the church. "Then it was first appointed that, after the manner of the Eastern churches, hymns and psalms should be sung, lest the people should grow weary and faint through sorrow, which custom has ever since been retained, and has been followed by almost all congregations in other parts of the world." Ambrose was himself a distinguished writer of Latin hymns; and tradition attributes to him the authorship of the *Te Deum*.

From this time onwards hymns appropriate to the canonical hours, to the ecclesiastical fasts and festivals, to commemorations of saints, and to other offices of the Church rapidly multiplied, and were collected in the various breviaries used in different dioceses and religious houses by the authority of bishops or ecclesiastical superiors.

At the time of the Reformation, when the old Latin service-books were revised, translated, and adapted to the requirements of the English Church, little provision was made for the musical tastes of congregations. The "Veni Creator" in the Ordination services, and the creeds and canticles in the daily prayers and at Holy Communion, might be "said or sung"; but nothing was definitely ordered to replace the hymns in the old breviaries.

Luther, fond of music, and well acquainted with popular taste, had taken care to make full provision of hymns in the vulgar tongue for German Protestants; and Cranmer appears to have made some attempt to follow his example, and to introduce English hymns into the services of the Reformed Anglican Church; but before the Prayer-book took its present form a new fashion in hymnody had arisen.

Clement Marot, a servant of the French King, Francis the First, with the aid of a youth called Theodore Beza, translated the Psalms of David into French verse; and these verses, dedicated to the French King and to the ladies of France, and set to cheerful tunes, became exceedingly popular. Calvin promptly perceived that metrical translations from the words of the Bible were more conducive to the spread of Reformation doctrines than versions of Latin hymns, and seizing upon Marot's Psalter appended it to his catechism, while it was with equal promptitude interdicted by the Roman Catholic priesthood. The example set in France was followed in England. Thomas Sternhold began a translation of the Psalms, which was continued by John Hopkins, a Suffolk clergyman, who added, amongst others, the ever-famous "Old Hundredth." The work was carried on by English refugees at Geneva during the Marian persecution, and brought into use in England after the accession of Queen Elizabeth. As many as six thousand persons are described as singing together from its

pages after sermons at St. Paul's Cross, with thrilling effect.

Queen Elizabeth, by an injunction issued in the first year of her reign, after allowing the use of "a modest and distinct song in all parts of the common prayer of the Church, so that the same may be as plainly understanded as if it were read without singing," proceeds to permit, "for the comforting of such that delight in music," the singing of "a hymn or suchlike song to the praise of Almighty God" at the beginning or end either of Morning or Evening Prayer, "in the best sort of melody and music that may be conveniently devised," always providing that the sense of the hymn may be "understanded and perceived." This injunction, and the insertion, a hundred years later, of the words in the rubric after the third collect at Morning and Evening Prayer, "in quires and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem," are generally considered to be the only authorities for singing metrical hymns whose words are not taken from Holy Scripture.

How far the metrical version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins was regularly authorized has often been debated. It certainly claimed such authority. I possess a copy printed in 1629 "for the Companie of Stationers," bearing on its title-page the words "Cum privilegio Regis Regali," and stating that it is

> Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after sermons: and moreover in private houses for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and ballades: which tend onely to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth.

This copy of the Psalms and metrical versions of the Canticles is also enriched "with apt notes to sing them withall," and has some quaint little hymns which are omitted in later copies of the collection. The "New Version," made by William the Third's chaplain, Dr. Brady, and the poet laureate, Nahum Tate, was published with an Order in Council dated the 3rd of December, 1696, permitting it "to be used in all churches, chapels, and congregations as shall think fit to receive the same"; and in May 1698 the Bishop of London—Dr. Compton—recommends it as "a work done with so much judgment and ingenuity" as he is persuaded "may take off that unhappy objection which has hitherto lain against the singing psalms."

What "that unhappy objection" may have been is not stated, but it is clear that the new version never entirely displaced the old in popular estimation. So late as 1852 copies of the Prayer-book were published with both versions appended, though others of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries exist, some with the old and some with the new version only.

A German, Charles Moritz, who travelled in England in 1782, gives an interesting account of a Sunday spent in the village of Nettlebed. Having borrowed a Prayer-book from the landlord of his inn, he studied it during breakfast, and comments as follows:

> It being called a prayer-book, rather than, like ours, a hymn-book, arises from the nature of the English service, which is composed very little of singing, and almost entirely of praying. The Psalms of David, however, are here translated into English verse, and are generally printed at the end of English prayer-books.

The service began at half-past nine, and the village boys were drawn up "as if they had been recruits to be drilled," to salute the parson, who arrived on horseback. They are described as "well-looking, healthy boys,

neat and decently dressed, with their hair cut short and combed on the forehead, according to the English fashion. Their bosoms were open, and the white frills of their shirts turned back on each side."

The English service, Moritz thinks, must be very fatiguing to the minister, so large a part falling to his share. Before the sermon there was a little stir, several musical instruments appeared, and the clerk said, in a loud voice: "Let us sing, to the praise and glory of God, the forty-seventh psalm." This, in the old version, which was probably heard by our traveller, begins:

Ye people all, with one accord, clap hands and eke rejoice,
Be glad and sing unto the Lord with sweet and pleasant voice.

The tunes, he says, "were particularly lively and cheerful, though at the same time sufficiently grave and uncommonly interesting." English church music, he declares, often affected him even to tears.

In the afternoon there was no service; the young people, however, went to church and there sang some few psalms. Others of the congregation were also present. This was conducted with so much decorum that I could hardly help considering it as actually a kind of church service.

—a guarded statement in which one may safely concur! Moritz was so delighted with this peaceful village that when the time came to depart he could hardly tear himself away.

Reference has been made to the hymns printed at the end of the old version, some of which were omitted in later editions, while others took their place. In like manner Tate and Brady published hymns and translations of the canticles in a supplement to their version sanctioned by Queen Anne; and the favorite "While shepherds watched their flocks" is said to have been written by Tate himself. "Hark! the herald-angels," however, which appears in all the nineteenth-century editions of this supplement, must have been added later, probably after the publication of Wesley's hymns in 1779. The publishers of these supplementary hymns seem to have arranged the order in which they should be printed, and to have made additions from time to time, without troubling themselves about official sanction of any kind. Nevertheless, custom, or a hazy recollection of Orders in Council, evidently in popular opinion extended to the supplements the ægis cast over the metrical versions, and some persons of an older generation still recollect a kind of uneasy feeling which prevailed when hymns from other collections made their way into churches. These unauthorized hymnals appear to have come into partial use seventy or eighty years ago. Bishop Heber's widow published in 1827 a collection of hymns for Church seasons, written by her husband, with the addition of several by Milman and others, and in so doing she expressed the hope that they might be generally adopted for congregational use. Others followed, and many, like myself, may remember when it was customary to sing one metrical psalm and one hymn in the course of a service.

In 1861 the first edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* appeared, and three years later the compilers were able to state that 350,000 copies had already been sold, while it was lately announced that the sales of the various editions had reached forty millions. The *Hymnal Companion*, first published in 1870, has also obtained wide popularity, especially in churches where the doctrinal tone of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* is considered too high. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was even earlier in the field, having issued a collection of

hymns in 1852, which, in its later form of *Psalms and Hymns*, is still obtainable. For over thirty years, however, the Society has also published its well-known collection called *Church Hymns*, of which an entirely new edition was issued in 1903.

Before considering the hymnology of the present day we may quote the opinion of the late Lord Selborne recorded in his excellent article on "Hymns" in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Speaking of the numerous collections then issued by various religious denominations for their own congregations, and of those which, though devoid of official authority, had become popular in the English Church, he wrote:

In these more recent collections an improved standard of taste has become generally apparent. There is a larger and more liberal admission of good hymns from all sources than might have been expected from the jealousy, so often felt by churches, parties and denominations, of everything which does not bear their own mint-mark; a considerable (perhaps too large) use of translations, especially from the Latin; and an increased (though not as yet sufficient) scrupulousness about tampering with the text of other men's work.

This liberal admission of hymns not bearing exclusive mintmarks is still striking in the hymnals of divers religious bodies, as is shown by a somewhat close examination of the following eight representative books: The new edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern;* the latest edition of the *Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer;* the *Church Hymns* of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; the *Methodist Hymn-book*, issued last June by a committee of the English Wesleyan Conference in conjunction with other Methodist bodies in England and Australasia; the *Congregational Church Hymnal;* the *Church Hymnary*, authorized for use by the Church of Scotland and allied Presbyterian bodies in Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies; the *Church Hymnal*, authorized by the General Synod of the Church of Ireland; and the authorized *Hymnal* of the Episcopal Church of America.

No fewer than sixty-seven hymns have been found in *all* eight books, three more in seven books, but not in the Scotch Hymnary. "There is a fountain" is omitted from *Church Hymns*. No translation of "Dies Iræ" appears in the Congregational collection, but the hymn is included, either in Walter Scott's or in Irons' version, in all the others; while two favorite hymns, Heber's "Brightest and best" and Dr. Sears' "It came upon the midnight clear," are excluded only from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Had time permitted, further search would have doubtless proved that many more hymns are common to the majority of these hymnals, if not to all; but it is not unreasonable to take these seventy-four (all of which are included in the Irish, American, and Wesleyan collections) as fairly representing the preference of the English-speaking peoples, and they are certainly varied in origin and sentiment.

Six are by Charles Wesley, five by Bishop Heber, four by Dr. Watts; Cowper, Bonar, and H. Lyte are each responsible for three, and two apiece come from Bishop Ken, Charlotte Elliot, Mrs. Alexander, the Rev. S. J. Stone, and C. Dix. One hymn, "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," is translated from the Danish; another, "Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer," was written in Welsh by the Rev. W. Williams, and turned into English by the author with the help of P. Williams; while eight are translations from old Greek and Latin hymns. "Dies Iræ" has already been

noted: the other seven (included in all eight collections) are "Art thou weary?" and "The day is past and over," from the Greek; "All glory, laud, and honor," "Jerusalem the golden," and "Jesu, the very thought" from the Latin (these five being chiefly translated by the Rev. J. M. Neale), and the well-known Latin hymns "Adeste fideles" and "Veni Creator," the latter said by tradition to have been written by Charlemagne.

The remaining thirty favorites are original English hymns by various authors of the last three centuries, from R. Baxter, born in 1615, who wrote "Lord, it belongs not to my care," to the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, the present Rector of Lew Trenchard, who has stirred so many hearts with his "Onward, Christian soldiers." Though it must be noted that the compilers of these different hymnals have not always hesitated to "tamper with the text," or else to select from several current versions the one best suited to their particular shades of theology, we may still rejoice that so many great thoughts expressed in melodious words have found favor in shrines thus diverse, and that the lines of Lowell have been once more justified:

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
  In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
  Of Him, the inmost friend;
One prayer soars cleansed with martyr fire,
  One choked with sinner's tears,
In heaven both meet in one desire,
  And God one music hears.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was peculiarly fortunate in the composition of the committee which served for six years in preparing the new edition of *Church Hymns*. Among those who from time to time assisted in this arduous task the names of Dr. Bright, Dr. Walsham How, Dr. Julian, and Mr. Palgrave are in themselves a guarantee of the high standard, devotional and poetical, maintained in the volume. Exceptionally good is the selection of children's hymns; and the committee throughout their work seem to have borne in mind the memorandum of Dr. Bright quoted in the preface: "I do not think that the original texts ought to be deemed sacrosanct, but the alteration ought to be done with a very careful hand, and only under conditions which make it practically necessary."

The Wesleyan or Methodist Hymn-book has a very interesting ancestry. We are told in the preface to the present volume that John Wesley's first compilation was printed in Georgia in 1737, and was followed by several others in which various changes were effected. In 1779 Wesley wrote his famous preface for the hymn-book published in London, which was intended for general use amongst his congregations, and of this book the present revised version claims to be the "lineal descendant." It is an exhaustive collection, containing no fewer than 981 hymns, for the most part well adapted to the ends which Wesley desired to attain by Poetry "as the handmaid of Piety"; these are raising or quickening the spirit of devotion, confirming faith, enlivening hope, kindling and increasing love to God and man. Here and there are lines which sound rather strange to modern ears; but these are no doubt preserved as a tribute to old associations.

The Congregational Hymn-book contains most of the well-known hymns of the Church Universal, but it strikes occasionally an original note, as in a hymn intended to be sung "Before a Parliamentary Election," which petitions:

The heat of party strife abate,
  And teach us how to choose
Good men and wise to guide the State,
  The evil to refuse.

One cannot help fearing that the "intention" with which such a hymn would be sung in most congregations would not be unanimous!

Two beautiful hymns may be noted as almost peculiar to this collection: "Christ to the young man said," written by Longfellow for his brother's ordination, and "In the field with their flocks abiding," by Dean Farrar.

The Scotch, American, and Irish collections have each peculiar merits, and attention may well be drawn to hymns especially written by Mrs. Alexander for the last-named book. One of these, "The breast-plate of St. Patrick," is adapted from an old Irish hymn, and is a gem of which the Church of Ireland may well be proud. As it is little known to English readers, the quotation of one verse may be permitted:

I bind this day to me for ever,
By pow'r of faith, Christ's incarnation;
His baptism in Jordan river;
His death on Cross for my salvation;
His bursting from the spicèd tomb;
His riding up the heav'nly way;
His coming at the day of doom;
I bind unto myself to-day.

We have now to consider what steps the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* have taken to keep that widely known volume in the forefront of hymnals competing for the favor of English Churchmen.

No better tribute to its hold upon popular affection could be found than the chorus of protest which arose upon the mere rumor that its contents had been tampered with; few were willing to concede the simple fact that it is the property of a body of private individuals, and not of the Church as a whole. Granting, however, to the fullest extent that the compilers are within their legal and moral rights in adding, removing, and altering hymns at their own discretion, the public have an equal right to criticise freely the treatment of a volume endeared to thousands by long association; and should they find that its character is materially deteriorated by such treatment, they can either demand that the old book should be still supplied to them (which it is rumored will be done), or, failing this, congregations will certainly desire the substitution of some more congenial hymnal in their public services.

We may consider the work in two portions: the translations from old breviaries and monkish authors, and the selection of original compositions. It has already been noted that Cranmer's intention to introduce English hymns, including translations from the ancient and mediæval service-books, was largely superseded by the introduction of metrical psalms. The "Veni Creator," nevertheless, kept its place in the Ordination service, and many English hymns, without being translations, were evidently influenced by the ancient verses. Concurrently with the Tractarian attempt to revive the discipline and usages of the mediæval Church, came increased interest in its hymnody, and many translations from Greek and Latin originals were made by the Rev. J. M. Neale, the Rev. E. Caswall, and others.

A number of these, varying in merit, were included in the first edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and those which, like "Jerusalem the golden" and "Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding," added poetic beauty to devotional sentiment, soon justly made their way into the affections of the people. Others, whatever may have been their merit in their classical garb, were almost disregarded, and might have been omitted in the new edition without exciting a single protest. It is hardly too much to say that these very compositions appear to have been those which have received the most devoted attention from the present compilers, who

tell us, no doubt with perfect truth, that "immense labor has been spent on improving the translations." One can almost see these earnest students toiling with pen and paper, discussing minute points of scholarship, comparing their versions word by word and line by line, till they produce, not a song of praise nor a cry of penitence, but a sixth-form exercise corrected by a conscientious master. They have been digging in a mine instead of tending a garden.

Take, for instance, "Veni Redemptor gentium." How often was it sung in the former translation, and how far is the present version suited for use in an ordinary congregation?

It would be difficult to conceive a choir practising the new version of "A solis ortus cardine"—"From east to west, from shore to shore"; but the most extraordinary fate has befallen a rather pretty hymn from the Paris Breviary, "Divine crescebas Puer." This was efficiently rendered in the former book by the Rev. J. Chandler, the translation of the fourth verse being not devoid of beauty:

He whom the choirs of angels praise,
  Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
  In deep humility.

The compilers, however, espied a fault either in the theology or the accuracy of these words, and with "immense labor" evolved the following in their place:

He at whose word swift angels fly,
  His dread commands to bear,
Obeys in deep humility
  A simple carpenter.

Comment is surely superfluous.

It were a thankless task to collect further instances of the lack of lyric inspiration, of clumsy diction, and of failures in rhyme and rhythm in what may be called the "classical side" of the new book. We can only note with sorrow that in her excursions through these pages Piety seems to have discarded her "handmaid" Poetry, and to have enlisted in her stead that clerkly retainer Scholarship, and we may be thankful that a certain number of translations have been left untouched by the hand of the reviser.

It is harder to discuss the original compositions included in the new book, as the power of hymns over the mind of man is largely influenced by association. There are hymns which we repeated as children, and whose words became dear to us almost before we grasped their meaning; hymns which, sung by the village choir, brought to our childish faith visions of a happy land not far removed from the pleasant meadows which we crossed on our way to church; hymns which in the perplexities of youth whispered their messages of hope, of warning, of encouragement; hymns which ever remain to us as echoes of the gladness of the wedding-day or the mournful shadows of the tomb. There are the triumphant strains with which we greeted Christmas and Easter, and the solemn requiem with which we watched by Calvary.

As we glance through the new book and compare it with the volume so familiar to thousands during the past forty years, the thought cannot but arise that the changes have been made by men who have lost touch to a great extent with human sentiment, or who, in their anxiety to enforce Church doctrines, have forgotten the old couplet:

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

How else can we explain the omission of "O Paradise! O Paradise!" whose loss is lamented by numbers of men and women who seem to have clung to it as "the Lord's song in a strange

land?" What induced the excision of "Now, beloved Lord, Thy soul resigning"? and of Heber's hymn, instinct with poetry, "When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming"? Almost stranger than the omissions are the curious changes made in hymns added and retained. The compilers have wisely included for the first time Heber's beautiful "There was joy in heaven"; but why alter the closing lines? "The sheep that went astray" is more dramatic and more true to Scripture than "The soul that went astray," and the whole quatrain, as the author wrote it, is more consonant with the preceding verses. There is seldom an excuse for changing original words —certainly not those of a true poet like Bishop Heber.

"Outside a city wall," for Mrs. Alexander's "Without a city wall," in "There is a green hill," is another unpardonable alteration.

The crowning sin in the new edition is, however, the reversion to the original "Hark how all the welkin rings," which has been the occasion of so remarkable a burst of indignation. Consecrated by the usage of over a hundred years, "Hark! the herald-angels" had surely become a heritage in the Christian Church with which no man should have lightly interfered. It may be noted that this is the opening line of the hymn in the Methodist Hymn-book, and we need hardly be more Wesleyan than the Wesleyans. The defences put forward for the change are remarkable. One of the compilers is reported to have said that "herald-angels" was incorrect, as one angel was the herald and the others only joined in afterwards. If this purist had ever heard a proclamation by several heralds he might have discovered that one generally makes the announcement and his companions blow trumpets or otherwise express concurrence. But such an argument is akin to that of the Middle Ages concerning the number of angels who could dance on the point of a needle.

One or two hymns, such as "Crossing the bar" and "Alone Thou trodd'st the winepress," are welcome additions, but it is impossible to contend that the average of the newcomers is high, and this is the more to be regretted when there are so many fine hymns which have never found a place in the collection. To mention only two or three, there are Dean Milman's "Bound upon the accursèd tree" and "Brother, thou art gone before us," Addison's "The spacious firmament on high," and a spirited hymn by Charles Wesley:

> Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
> Sons of men and angels say.

The revised volume is supposed to be especially strong in mission hymns; presumably it was too much to expect that room should be found for "There were ninety and nine" and "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Both these are in Sankey's collection; the former is included in *Church Hymns* and other hymnals.

Since two or three hymns for time of war find place in the new *Ancient and Modern*, what a grand addition would be Rudyard Kipling's "Hymn before Action"! The verse "Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow" must needs be omitted, but how true to the spirit of the Christian Warrior are the lines—

> From panic, pride, and terror,
> Revenge that knows no rein,
> Light haste and lawless error,
> Protect us yet again.
> Cloak Thou our undeserving,
> Make firm the shuddering breath,
> In silence and unswerving
> To taste Thy lesser death!

It is stated in the preface to *Hymns Ancient and Modern* that in 1892 negotiations took place between the compilers and Convocation, probably with

a view to giving some kind of *imprimatur* to a volume founded on this collection. It is remarkable that, alone among the principal Reformed Churches of the Empire, the Church of England has no sort of authorized hymnal. In this it somewhat resembles the Roman Church in this country, whose collections of English hymns are used (chiefly at Benediction) at the discretion of individual clergy.

Twelve years spent in revision seem hardly to have rendered *Hymns Ancient and Modern* more fitted in popular estimation for official recognition, and the dignitaries of our Church may shrink from the almost impossible task of deciding what hymnal is best suited to the varying requirements of their flocks in both hemispheres. They will certainly be disinclined to comply with such demands as that of the Editor of the *Historical Companion to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, who wishes for a book containing, first, all the ancient and mediæval hymns of the Universal Church; and secondly, selected modern hymns, but only those which have "issued from a Churchman's heart and head." It is not quite clear whether Wesley's would be excluded under this rule, but it is certain that "Nearer, my God, to Thee," written by a Baptist, and "There's a friend for little children," by a Plymouth Brother, would be ostracised.

These questions, however, may be safely left to the discretion of our spiritual Fathers. In conclusion we would ask,—What is a true hymn? Is it not the voice of man's heart speaking to the Eternal Spirit in adoration, in supplication, in humble faith, expressed in words the most simple, yet the most dignified, the most musical, and the most truthful which the mind of man can conceive and the spirit which is in man inspire?

M. E. Jersey.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

"WHITE PININGS."

I.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—I am sending you by registered post the MS. of a volume of poems, entitled *White Pinings*, in the hope that you will like them sufficiently to undertake their publication. The poems are entirely original, and have never before (with one exception) been printed. It was once my intention to print them from time to time in the better class weekly papers, but after a while that idea was abandoned. The exception is the rondeau called "Coral Toes," which appeared in the *Baby's Friend*, but there would be no difficulty about copyright, I am sure.

Yours truly, Vesta Swan.

II.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

Dear Madam,—Our Reader reports that he has read *White Pinings* with much interest, and that in his opinion the book is in every way worthy of publication. Poetry is, however, as you perhaps are not unaware, not read as it used to be. This apathy is the result, some think, of the interest in the war, but according to others is due to the fashion of Bridge. Be it as it may, no great sale can be expected for such a book, and our Reader therefore suggests that you should combine with us in this enterprise. Of course if the book is successful your outlay would come back to you multiplied many

times. We calculate that a first edition of *White Pinings* would cost £100, and we suggest that each of us contributes £50.

Awaiting your reply, we are, Dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,
The Thalia and Erato Press.
per A. B. C.

III.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

Dear Sirs,—I am glad to know that your Reader thinks so highly of my book. Would it be indiscreet to ask his name?—there are two or three points concerning the poems which I should like to put to him.

I am aware that the ordinary run of poetry is not profitable, but there are shining examples of success. I have just been reading the Life of the late Lord Tennyson, who seems to have been quite wealthy, although he wrote comparatively little; and I gather that the Brownings also were well-to-do. One of my friends considers my style not unlike a blend of both Robert and E. B., although (being a woman) naturally more like the latter. I understand also that both Mr. Swinburne and Sir Lewis Morris are quite comfortably off. So that there are exceptions.

I should say also that *W. P.* is not, as you think, my first book. I published in 1896, through a firm at Winchester, a little collection called *Heart Beats*, a copy of which was sent to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

None the less, as I believe in my work and wish others to have the opportunity of being cheered by it, I will pay the £50. Please put the book in hand at once, as I want it to come out with the April buds.

Yours truly,
Vesta Swan.

IV.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.
(Extract.)

We enclose a contract form, which please sign and return to us with cheque. Any letter intended for our Reader will be at once forwarded to him.

V.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Reader of her MS.

Dear Sir,—I should very much like to have your opinion of the "Lines written at midnight after hearing Miss Clara Butt sing 'The Lost Chord.'" Do you think the faulty grammar in line 4 of stanza 2—"loud," the adjective, for "loudly," the adverb—is permissible? I have already spent some time in polishing this poem, but I have so high an opinion of your judgment that I am ready to begin again if you say I should. And do you think the title should be merely *White Pinings* or that it should have the sub-heading —"Sighs of a Priestess of Modernity?" One of my friends, a young journalist, favors the latter very warmly.

I might add that I have a very kind letter from the secretary of Sir Thomas Lipton, who read the poems in MS., praising them in no measured terms. Do you think it would do the book good if we were to print this letter in fac-simile at the beginning? I am.

Yours truly, Vesta Swan.

[Several letters omitted.]

XVI.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.
(Telegram.)

Stop printing. Serious misprint page 41. "Heave on coal" should be "Heaven our goal."

XVII.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.
(Telegram.)

Too late. Error unimportant.

[Several letters omitted.]

XXIII.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.
(Extract.)

. . . . And you will please be sure to send a copy with the author's compliments to Mr. Andrew Lang, as I hear he is so much interested in new poets?

[From a vast correspondence the following six letters have been selected.]

XXXI.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.
(Extract.)

. . . . My friends tell me that they have great difficulty in buying *White Pinings*. A letter this morning says that there is not a book-shop in Birmingham that has heard of it.

XLV.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

Dear Sirs,—Several persons have told me lately that they have looked in vain in the literary papers ever since *White Pinings* was published, for any advertisement of it, and they have found none. Many of the books of the day are, I notice, advertised very freely, with, I have no doubt, good results—Mr. Hall Caine's last novel, for example. Curiously enough, one of my poems ("An Evening Reverie," page 70), contains very much the same moral as his book. Could you not intimate that fact to the public in some way? Please send me twelve more copies.

Yours truly, Vesta Swan.

LIV.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

Dear Sirs,—In the report in the papers this morning of the Bishop of London's address on the reconcilement of the Letter and the Spirit, there is a most curious anticipation of a statement of mine in the poem, "Let us ponder awhile," on page 132 of *White Pinings*. I think that the enclosed paragraph mentioning the coincidence might be sent to the *Athenæum*. I am told that all the other papers would then copy it.

Yours truly, Vesta Swan.

LIX.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.
(Extract.)

A friend of mine got out of the train and asked at all the bookstalls between London and Manchester for *W. P.*, and not one had it. Is not this a scandal? Something ought to be done to raise the tone of railway reading. Please send me six more copies.

LXVIII.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.
(Extract.)

I am told that a few years ago a volume of poems was advertised by sandwichmen in the London streets. Could not *White Pinings* be made known in this way?

XC.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

Dear Madam,—We have much pleasure in enclosing the first review of your poems that has reached us. Doubtless now that a start has been made many more will follow.

Yours faithfully,
The Thalia and Erato Press.
[1 Encl.] *per* A. B. C.

From the *Scots Reader.*

One of the most amusing misprints that we can recollect occurs in *White Pinings* (Thalia and Erato Press), by Vesta Swan, which otherwise is unimportant. The poetess undoubtedly wrote:

Watch the progress of the soul
Struggling aye to heaven our goal;

but the waggish printer has made her say:

Struggling aye to heave on coal.

Punch.

THE REVIVAL OF THE ROAD.

In 1826 the famous roadmaker and engineer Telford crowned his life's work by the mighty suspension bridge which lifted his new Holyhead mail road across the Menai Straits and completed the link between London and Ireland for a fast service. Thousands gathered at the opening ceremony when the first coach from the metropolis, carrying the Royal mails, slowed down from its regulation pace of eleven and a half miles an hour and rolled triumphantly over the yawning chasm. As a combination of engineering skill and rapid communication it seemed, no doubt, to the cheering crowds below, a final achievement of human ingenuity. Yet a short twenty years later the son of George Stephenson was to commence that other bridge, alongside of this first one, destined to carry locomotion of a kind which by comparison put the people who had so recently cheered the Holyhead coach almost on a par with the Romans whose chariots and tumbrils had rolled along the Causeway from Chester to Carnarvon nearly two thousand years before. There is assuredly no spot in Great Britain more calculated to deter one from prophetic flights as to the limitations of science than the one which commands a view of these two significant viaducts.

But the decline of the coach road and the coaching inn was, of course, gradual and sectional. Palatial hostelries like the grand old Hertford mansion at Marlborough had closed their doors at once. The Castle Inn, so artistically dealt with by Mr. Stanley Weyman in a recent work, had for some time been the nucleus of a now famous public school before the coaches ceased to run over considerable sections of the Bath road. The increasing railroad activity of the 'sixties, perhaps, marks the final collapse of the rural highway into the somnolence, and here and there the literally grass-grown trance, from which it was quite recently awakened by the once despised bicycle. Many of us now in middle age may peradventure remember the stricken appearance of the forsaken coaching inn only recently left high and dry at some bleak cross road; more woe-begone then, I think, than after it had adapted itself to its changed conditions, or gone out of business altogether and into private life. Some of us may recall how these dismal haunts of ancient revelry, with their creaking signboards, seized on our childish imagination, if we possessed one, and became the background for all the tales of wayside horror and mystery that fell in our way. As for me, some of these old inns have provided the stage furniture on such literary excursions for life; defying time, climate, space, and the most antagonistic environments. It

is a positive shock if perchance I wander down their way nowadays to find some dismal old Solitary who has thus served my fancy as a sort of chamber of horrors—no longer dismal, but with a smiling face and a befurbished front and a line of bicycles and a motor outside the door.

But let us turn for a moment, before taking stock of present conditions, to the actual story of one of the more famous of these old hostelries, and none has a stranger one than the Castle Inn at Marlborough already referred to. Placed within a stone's throw of one of the largest of those prehistoric mounds which are the despair of the antiquary, and on the site of a royal castle where Anglo-Norman kings held courts and parliaments, our inn started life with some distinction. The castle had been a ruin long before Cromwell battered the church towers of Marlborough, and with the rangership of the adjacent forest of Savernake had passed into the family of the Protector Somerset and that Seymour lady who married Henry VIII. in a barn on the forest's edge that quite recently, at any rate, was still standing. In the time of William III. the castle was still in the hands of that branch of the family represented by the Duke of Somerset, who, on the site of the decayed fortress, built the noble mansion which, retaining its old name of The Castle, became later on the Castle Inn. Celia Fiennes, the enterprising lady who rode about England on horseback and left her impressions of all she saw, watched it building. She describes the new or rather the rebuilt and greatly enlarged house (for a smaller one had preceded it), with the gardens in detail, and the old town stretching its broad and picturesque street from the gates as we see it now, "the Kennet winding below and turning many mills." In 1723 the Castle or Seymour House was very much what we see now in the beautiful Queen Anne mansion which forms the main building of Marlborough College. Under the sway, however, of the somewhat famous Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, it became one of the best-known country houses in England. Her ladyship was not only a social luminary, but an enthusiastic follower of the Arcadian cult which peopled the surrounding country with Corydons and Chloes and made shepherds and milkmaids of their guests from court and capital. Lady Hertford had good material for her extravagant fancies. The limpid streams of the Kennet slipped down the meadows of perennial green from mill to mill. The ridge above was crowned with the northern fringe of the royal forest of Savernake. The old gardens were laid out in terraces and bowling greens. Rills of clear water were brought from the Kennet and forced into a mimic fury wholly strange to the waters of Wiltshire, but suggestive to these early Georgian poseurs of the classic fountains where their nymphs and swains lounged and loved. Groves of limes were planted, which have now since living memory been towering rookeries. Yews were trimmed into deep hedges surmounted with domes and cupolas, and thus survive endeared to all who love the place. Rocks were imported and strewn about, of which no trace remains on the velvety turf which spreads to-day over the lawns and slopes and terraces that time still continues to mellow. Lady Hertford's modish imagination succeeded in transforming Wiltshire into Italy, and, yet greater feat, the Wiltshire rustic of that dark period into the piping shepherd of the classics: and she has left in writing the measure of her delusions. She built a grotto into the old tumulus in imitation of Pope's at Twickenham, and imported celebrities

by the score to share and celebrate her fantastic diversions. The poet Thomson was one of these, but he offended his patroness mortally by a marked preference for his lordship's good cheer over her ladyship's Arcadian posings and poetical efforts. Dr. Watts was another, and apparently he behaved himself with perfect propriety. Thomson, however, is said to have written his "Spring" at Marlborough, and he certainly dedicated it to his offended hostess.

All this was about 1740, and in ten years the stately mansion had passed to the Northumberland family and become an inn! In 1751 Lady Vere tells us how she lay at the "Castle Inn opened a fortnight since," and describes it with fervent admiration, "a prodigious large house." She is indignant with the Northumberlands for putting it to such ignoble use, and still less can she forgive them for selling many good old pictures to the landlord, including one of Henry VI. in kingly robe and gown. What would the old Duke of Somerset say, she observes, if he could know that his granddaughter put his house to such a use as this? "Lady Betty does not dare to write to the Duke of Dorset an account of this house, for fear it should put him in mind that Knowle might make as convenient an inn for Tonbridge as this does for Bath."

In the "Salisbury Journal" of August 17, 1752, occurs this announcement: "I beg leave to inform the publick that I have fitted up the Castle at Marlborough in the most genteel and commodious manner and opened it as an inn where the nobility and gentry may depend on the best accommodation and treatment, the favor of whose company will be always gratefully acknowledged by their most obedient servant George Smith, late of the Artillery Ground. Neat postchaises!"

What a noble hostelry this must have been needs no effort of imagination, for no material alteration occurred when sixty years ago it once more became the seat of classical aspirations far more serious than Lady Hertford's dallyings. And it may be seen to-day much as it was in all the glory of oak panelling and galleries and broad staircases, of stately chambers and mellow brickwork, of lawn and terrace, of grove and stream. For ninety years the Castle Inn stood on the high road between London and Bath. The postchaise business, when all the world went to the Western Spa, helped to support it, and later on, when forty coaches daily pulled up at its doors, its supremacy was beyond question. People of quality made a point of "lying at Marlborough" for what we should now call the week-end. The cuisine was admirable, the gardens delightful, and a local band discoursed music every Sunday from the top of the mound up which Lady Hertford had cut a winding walk. Almost every famous man or woman who lived in the time of the second, third, or fourth George must have slept or eaten within the great old hostelry. And, indeed, one might say almost as much of houses now buried away in obscure parts of the country. At the Hand, in Llangollen, for instance, every Irishman of note through a stirring period must have toasted his toes or broken bread again and again.

Chatham was detained at the Castle Inn, at a critical period in the debate on the Stamp Act, for a fortnight. "Inaccessible and invisible," according to Walpole, "though surrounded by a crowd of domestics that occupied the whole inn and gave the appearance of a little Court." Seventy years later the Duke of Wellington spent a night here on his way to a wedding at the Duke of Beaufort's, delayed by the reports of sixteen feet of snow on the bleak road over the downs to Devizes.

Starting next day, the Duke's carriage became hopelessly lodged in a snowdrift. Fortunately the road surveyor with his gang was close by, and rescued the illustrious soldier from his dilemma and piloted him across country till they came to a sound-bottomed road.

By 1839, however, the Great Western railroad had reached Twyford. Three years later it was at Swindon, and the lease of the Castle Inn was running out. No one had the temerity to seek another, for the handwriting on the wall was by this time plain enough. At this time the founders of what became Marlborough College were casting about for a house in which to commence operations. In an auspicious moment for that school, the Castle Inn was in the market and fell fortuitously, as it were, into their hands. That it is only the nucleus of whole blocks of buildings is true, but the old house still remains apart and intact, the gardens and grounds secluded and unencroached upon by modern builders, and in all human probability secured for ever in its ancient peace and old-world atmosphere. Such is the strange story of one of the great coaching inns of England, and there are doubtless many more only less remarkable.[1]

The recent revival in their fortunes and the social revolution which has accompanied it can hardly be said to have seriously set in before the beginning of the 'nineties. For I do not think that the high bicycle, which heroic if not very aristocratic youths bestrode through the previous decade or two, did much to cheer the material depression of the highway, though it added a sensational factor to its waning traffic. The acrobats, too, who mostly rode these awesome machines were not usually of the type who had much money, or for that matter much manners, to spare for mine host of the Red Lion. While far from receiving any meed of admiration for their daring, they contrived to raise a social prejudice against the wheel which died hard. It would have died much harder if, encouraged by the comparative security of the "safety," Society had not developed a sudden and short-lived craze for ambling round Battersea Park in the mornings on its new toy: a proceeding which to the seasoned rider of 1904 may seem somewhat fatuous in the retrospect, but was of real value at this crisis. For the average Briton, we are told every day, is at heart a snob. He is undoubtedly timid, not physically, but socially. And henceforward, with comparatively little risk of breaking his neck and none whatever of injuring his dignity, he could embark on an exhilarating, inexpensive pastime, that was destined to become something much more, and almost to revolutionize country life. Above all there was no fear any longer of being called "a cad on castors." But the highways had acquired some animation; those leading out of London, at any rate, two or three years before the Battersea Park season and the Capitulation of Society. Still, though the "Safety" had "arrived," it was for some time the mode to sniff at its patrons as something of a nuisance on the road.

One must not forget the brief popularity of the tricycle which preceded the Safety and pneumatic tyre. In the last of the 'eighties and early 'nineties it had found considerable favor with men and women past their first youth, and had reached some perfection, solid rubber tyres notwithstanding. The shops were full of them for hire or sale. They were profoundly respectable, too, and did not share the odium of the high two-wheeler. The low-pitched, modest, if clumsy attitude of

[1] For a fuller account of the famous house see A. C. Champneys' chapters in the "History of Marlborough College." (Murray.)

the rider, the gentle pace, the self-respecting bulk and fancied security of the whole outfit offended no one's feelings. Even the family horse could hold its own with the tricycle of 1887-90, and a bishop might have ridden one without loss of dignity. There used at that time to be great numbers on the Portsmouth road on a Sunday, carrying a different class of passenger altogether from those we had been accustomed to see on the big wheel. The latter was still in favor, however, dashing past the new machines with a contempt the more pronounced, perhaps, from the superior claims to respectability of the three-wheelers.

But enough of such scraps of reminiscence from the transition period. The modern bicycle has long since asserted itself as the quickest, easiest, and safest method of self-propulsion, and virtually killed the three-wheeler, in spite of its up-to-date improvements. The free-wheel has carried us a step further, adding twenty-five per cent. to the ease of the rider and fifty to his enjoyment. The cycle has effected a revolution on the highway and in social life before the advent of the motor, which now promises developments the importance of which we can hardly yet estimate.

Steam and telegraphy alone in the past have had greater influence on English life, even if this still later movement has reached the limit of its mechanical development, which is, of course, out of the question. The ancient and chronic grievance of a section of the outside public against the bicycle is now wholly quenched in the storm of futile indignation raised against the motor. Indeed, the cyclist himself, together with the horse-keeper, is perhaps the greatest sufferer, for, however narrow the road, unlike the pedestrian, he must face the thunderstorm and the dust at the closest quarters. And there is no doubt that the cyclist in his most aggressive phase was a mere trifle to the clamor, the dust-storm, the smell, and the nerve-shaking terror of the motor in its present form. Unlike the first phase of this road revolution, which was at least inaugurated by the lowly and obscure in social life if not in self-assertion, the situation is now reversed, wealth and social position being the leaders, and the objects of such hostility as is inevitably if somewhat unreasonably evoked. The grievance at present, though, is very real both to dwellers and to travellers on a highway. Hostility to the cycle was always tempered in judicial minds by the reflection that it gave hitherto inaccessible pleasure to the hardworked dwellers in towns and cities. The average motorist can, of course, expect no sympathy of this kind. So far, indeed, the public are the more inclined to resent this further disturbance of their peace from the fact that it is ostensibly for the aimless amusement of the wealthy and the idle. This feeling is not very serious nor perhaps very general. It is human, though, if neither judicial nor farsighted. Every sensible person sees something more significant in the motor than a millionaire effectually disguised as a ruffian rushing aimlessly through clouds of dust. The period of fad and fashion, as in the case of the bicycle, will pass away, and the motor will expand into a social and commercial factor in the economy of the country far beyond the possibilities of the cycle.

But the cycle itself has done wonders. It has not only revived the wayside hostelry and restored animation to half-deserted roads, but it has even stimulated the improvement of the roads themselves, and at the worst checked the decline in quality that was noticeable on some, or brushed off the grass that was actually growing on others. The steady pressure of in-

numerable atoms in one direction counts for much, and it is by such means, to say nothing of organizations like the C.T.C., that the cycling interest has affected the roads. For the cyclist knows all about them, and is much more sensitive to the deficiencies of their surface than the occupant of a dog-cart or a phaeton. And as half the countryside and half the country town are more or less wheelmen, a neglected road has not much chance of escaping a notoriety which generally in the end spells something more effective. In short, there are fifty critics of the highway authorities where formerly there was one. But now the motor opens up highway questions on a much more serious scale, and, unlike the cycle, is itself an active agent in the wear and tear of the road bed. The solitude of former days is vanishing in very truth. The pregnant question is now whether the roads will carry the burden that threatens them in the near future. But the whole wealth of the country is behind the motor, and that some solution will be found is certain. Still, after all, the Portsmouth or Brighton roads must not be taken as typical country highways in the matter of traffic, any more than country life and society within a thirty or forty mile radius of London resembles that of Hereford, Yorkshire, or Norfolk, for every condition is different. It is in the really rural districts, however, that the commercial potentialities of the automobile have such a future, and it seems unlikely that there will be a draught horse on any road outside the mountain districts in twenty years. To suggest sentiment as a deterrent factor is absurd. Look for the saddle horse of our youth, for instance! He is as extinct as the dodo outside the sport of hunting or the mountain roads of the North and West. Yet with all this it may surprise some to hear that in the district in which this paper is written, a typical one in the Midlands, a steady procession of carriers' carts and vans may be seen almost daily, and upon every road, pursuing their laborious way to and from the country town. Ramshackle, ill-horsed, laden with miscellaneous goods and bucolic old lady passengers, owned and piloted generally by odd sorts of characters—they still preserve the memories of fifty years ago as they rattle along the turf-bordered, elm-shaded highways of the shires, where scores of fairly prosperous villages depend wholly in smaller matters on this antediluvian form of transport. There is a great prospect here for the coming road-car, not the costly light railroad, but such vehicles as are already beginning to put in an appearance in some districts to their infinite convenience. Such self-propelling cars for passengers and merchandise will gather up both from groups of villages, and will convey them from their door to the market town in no time and possibly with a choice of various hours in the day.

But let us return to the cycle and see what it has done. The workman far from his work, as thousands must ever be, no longer tramps to it on foot. The postman's labors are lightened. The country parson and his family no longer feel the difficulties of a widely scattered parish. The golfer gets to the links, the fisherman to the riverside without a thought of the difficulties that in former days entailed either expense, inconvenience, or unprofitable fatigue. The shopkeeping class of both sexes have had their scope of enjoyment on their weekly holidays extended to an incalculable degree, and acquired a familiarity with the surrounding country impossible to their predecessors and vastly to their own good both mentally and physically. One might enlarge indefinitely on the uses of the cycle; but let us look for a moment at what it has done to

brighten social life in country districts. It is true that such people rarely ride round their own neighborhoods for the mere fun of the thing as they once did, as the automobilists are doing now, and as the cyclists from towns still find a natural pleasure in doing on Sundays and on holidays. But such a vast number of country people find the cycle so indispensable a factor in their scheme of life that few probably take the trouble to analyze their measure of liking for it in the abstract. Deprive them of it, however, and they would suddenly find themselves cut off from half their acquaintances and robbed of half their pleasure in life. To talk of cycling as an amusement like tennis or golf is nowadays absurd. It is very much so beyond a doubt, but is still more a means to a thousand ends. Take an average country district, for instance, and compare the situation of the great majority of people who form its permanent society with that of a dozen years ago. Establishments with large stables are after all in a small minority. The average household was always cramped more or less in the matter of horseflesh. The British coachman, moreover, has contrived to reduce the standard of work of the British carriage horse to limitations that would be justly considered absurd elsewhere, and this, too, with the best blood, the best roads, and the best feeding in the world. There are thousands of people who sincerely believe that if their horses have been ten miles in the morning they are unfit to go out in the afternoon, which suits the groom or coachman admirably, and, judging from personal experience in other countries, makes for half the ailments and unsoundness so prevalent in English stables. This kind of thing, even where horses were kept, made the cycle as welcome as in cases where there was nothing but the family pony, who often really earned, and still earns, his keep. Take a family of girls, for instance. In former days they had to go in a bevy to anything that was going on, or perhaps even take it turn about, and not infrequently a lame horse or a contumacious parent put even "the use of the carriage" out of the question. Now each member of a family can go wherever he or she listeth, and over an area twice or thrice as big as the one covered by the collective expeditions in the family chariot. One sometimes wonders how life went in country districts after the introduction of lawn tennis gave it such a social impetus. It is not, however, only to the young that the cycle has so immeasurably widened the sphere of enjoyment, and made life so much brighter, but to the middle-aged it is scarcely less a boon. No class has benefited more than the country clergy, both in a social and a business way. And their families, who form such a large proportion of average country society, are, of course, conspicuous among those who are set free from the limitations of the family horse or the still worse isolation of no horse at all.

One familiar object of the old-time highway already alluded to has practically vanished, and that is the saddle horse. All of us who have reached middle-age, and who were brought up in the country, must recognize this as a feature in the transformation in road traffic and rural life. Hunting is, of course, as popular as ever, though the classes that mainly support it have in many parts of England undergone some reconstruction, and are more exotic and less local than they were. But that is another matter. In the 'sixties, to take a safe date, everybody in the country and the country towns of ordinary means rode more or less, as a matter of course, and not of necessity with any reference whatever to the hunting field. Nowadays the hunting men and women are almost the

only people who ever mount a horse, and even they, so far as my observation goes, only in the hunting field. In the outskirts of London, where there are such numbers of prosperous people able to amuse themselves as they please on Saturday afternoons, one sees no doubt a sprinkling of horsemen, but this has little or no significance; nor again has such riding as still goes on in the Row, whether as part of the season's programme or the more serious performance of the liver brigade. But in the country, where the saddle horse was formerly the appanage of every man and most women who could keep one, and the pony of every youngster of moderate situation in life, there is next to nothing to be seen of either now. I have travelled many thousands of miles in various parts of the island in the last few years, and to say that one never meets a man or woman above the farming class, and uncommonly few of the latter, except in mountain countries, on a horse, is so nearly the literal truth that the statement is sufficiently accurate for every practical purpose. How different it was thirty years ago! Riding was looked upon as a regular form of recreation, and still to some extent as a means of getting about for social or business purposes. Of course the highway was avoided when practical, in purely pleasure riding, but it was often unavoidable, while the grassy strips by the roadside common to many counties made soft going. In the shires they are still deeply furrowed by horses' hoofs, but mainly those of horses exercised by grooms.

Where are now the family parties of old days: proud parents or equally proud old coachmen with boys and girls on ponies straining at leading reins, or just emancipated from their thraldom? Where is the country doctor in top hat of felt and strapped cord trousers pounding along in the dust? Where are the old gentlemen on their cobs—squires, land agents, substantial attorneys, prosperous farmers? Gone altogether, so far as I can see or hear. Nor was it only among the wealthy or distinctly sporting households in those days that riding was part of an education. Everybody in the country or in the country towns strained a point to keep saddle horses or ponies. It was felt that if a boy or girl could not ride in an ordinary way it would be detrimental to them throughout life, and it would have been as things then were. I do not imagine that outside a very small class there is any such feeling whatever now, and, indeed, there is little cause for it. And it would be interesting to know the proportion of boys who can ride at any public school (Eton perhaps excepted), and compare it with the state of things twenty or thirty years ago. In my school days I am quite sure that the great majority were more or less accustomed to the saddle, and I am equally sure that those who were not would have had some touch of shamefacedness in admitting it. I should not imagine that even the average "outdoor" youth's dignity would nowadays be in the least bit upset by any such admission. "Now, Jones, you are thinking of that pony," was quite a stock form of mild rebuke to the inattentive fourth-form boy in my youth, and was significant no doubt of the ordinary boy's holiday delights. I am quite sure that such a pleasantry nowadays would be hopelessly irrelevant unless directed with special knowledge. The bicycle suggests itself at once as the main cause of all this, though the inference would be hardly accurate, since riding for use or pleasure had been on the wane long before the 'nineties, and there can be little doubt, I think, but that the minor revolution wrought in country life by lawn tennis at the close of the 'seventies had some-

thing to do with it. For this was the first really popular game among the majority of young or active middle-aged people of both sexes ever introduced, and as a means of stimulating social intercourse was quite unique, and, above all, of promoting those small, informal, and friendly gatherings that nearly every one prefers to the more pretentious garden *fêtes* of Arcady.

But lawn tennis chiefly "caught on" because it appealed to the vigorous and the athletic man, and particularly to the indifferent or lukewarm cricketer, who found in it more sustained enjoyment and achieved greater success than on the then rough wickets of country grounds. Tennis, indeed, gave the first blow to genuine country cricket, now dead or dying in most countries. Where the men went the girls naturally went too, and an active outdoor game in which for the first time they could unite with men on sufficiently level terms to share their keen feeling of competition and excitement had unprecedented attractions. In short, men and women met with the main object of playing a stimulating active game. Country gatherings ceased to be a bore to the majority, and developed prodigiously on wider lines than hitherto. In the meantime those ungregarious forms of amusement devoid of competition lost zest (for the old croquet had virtually gone out before this time), and among them that of "equestrian exercise." Outside hunting families the saddle horse or pony ceased to be worth keeping, while the demand on the harness horse must have steadily increased till cycles came and changed the whole thing. I have already departed sufficiently from the title of this paper to venture more than an allusion to the increase of stimulating outdoor pastimes within the last two decades: the resuscitation of croquet in a vastly improved and fascinating form; of golf, a little revolution in itself and a boon inestimable to men; of hockey, invaluable in winter to suburban and country maidens. And all these distractions, moreover, have been brought to everybody's door by the cycle and the motor, pastimes in themselves to thousands.

And while discussing the manner in which such changes have affected those classes of society from which readers of the *Cornhill* are mainly drawn, one must not forget that every class but the very poorest has been equally benefited, and a new life opened to thousands who had hitherto never stirred from home or shop.

Not the least of the blessings wrought by the cycle is the better knowledge it has given to Britons of the most beautiful country upon earth —their own. One may even venture to hope that a growing fraction are finding fresh pleasures not merely in its physical beauties but in the associations and memories that are enshrined among them. The average Briton gains nothing substantial by foreign travel. He neither mixes with the natives nor speaks their language, but very often abuses both, and nearly always grumbles at the food. The average Briton, too, knows even yet extremely little of his own country. Vast districts of the British islands, infinitely more beautiful than much he wanders far to see, lie virtually fallow and unknown. To put the matter on a lower plane—I confess to some irritation at the vast sums of money one sees being carried out of the country every summer by travellers who would really benefit themselves almost as much as their country by remaining in the latter and making its acquaintance. And while speaking of foreign travel the Americans are without doubt going to be a considerable factor on British roads. They have not figured conspicuously as wheelmen among us, partly because cycling has never been

so general in the States, both on account of highway difficulties and social distribution, and partly because of the baggage problem incidental to cycling tours. Indeed, fashionable America has of late taken violently to "equestrian exercise" as a rival to golf in its summer holidays. But now as motorists it threatens to loom large on British highways, and I hear rumors of a great invasion. Such form of progress will especially appeal to American taste, being quick, convenient, and, above all, through scenes which, as a rule, they are better able and more eager to appreciate than the average Englishman himself. As a distributor of money along British highways I venture to think the American motorist is going to be a substantial addition to rural economy. It will be a long time before the roads in America will be comparable with those of Western Europe. Speaking broadly those of the North are fair for driving, but mostly rough for the cycle or motor. South of the Potomac they are still intolerable even for driving almost everywhere, and the saddle horse retains his eighteenth-century position. Moreover, it is in the least attractive parts of the United States that the roads are likely to be first improved for motoring purposes. In the more picturesque States I cannot imagine a motor of any kind within measurable time, and the attempts of cyclists during the brief craze for the wheel in America to grapple with Virginia roads were a frequent source of humorous illustration in the comic papers. America in this particular is far behind most of the world.

The Canadians, too, enjoyed a cycling boom a few years ago, but, save for occasional working men in the cities, few now use it. The country highways of the older provinces, though sufficiently good for wheeled traffic, are not tempting to the cyclist, and if they were, there are not the same temptations to utilize them as in this country for reasons here irrelevant. Another cause, too, which will drive the American motorist to seek alien pastures is the appalling dust that his machine must raise on an American summer road.

Upon the whole the highways of England are in a fair way to regain much more than their ancient prosperity, if by means less picturesque to the fastidious eye. Many of them will no doubt be put to it to carry their traffic. It is of a truth a strange thing that the coach road should not only spring into life once more but should actually threaten some measure of revenge on its old and ruthless enemy. A glance at the past would seem, as I have already remarked, to make prophetic utterances fatuous. But the motor-car in the nature of things can never be a serious rival to the cycle. For strenuous Britons, after all, will have exercise, and we now know that for very many people there is none better or more exhilarating. But the motor-bicycle may some day develop into a contrivance extremely formidable to the popularity of the ordinary pedalling machine, which has really done such great work both for the country and the town. Since this paper went to press I have covered several hundred miles in the counties of Hereford, Monmouth, and Brecon, and have encountered at least twenty motor-bicycles for every motor-car.

A. G. Bradley.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE PROPOSED SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

The decision of the London County Council to provide a site for "an adequate Shakespeare Memorial" is one of those decisions arrived at by a public body which it is impossible to regard without approval, but which compel misgivings. Now that a suitable site is assured, what is proposed is to collect funds and to organize a great international tribute to Shakespeare's memory, and for that purpose a Provisional Committee has been formed, with certain definite objects. It may be as well to state these in full. They are,—First, the memorial to be erected on some prominent site in London; the funds collected to be, in the first instance, devoted to the erection of some such monument in London as the Scott Memorial or the Albert Memorial; any sum over that required for the monument to be used for some object or objects tending to promote the study or appreciation of Shakespeare, to be determined by a General Memorial Committee. Second, the General Committee to consist of leading men and women belonging to all parts of the Empire, representatives of the American people, and distinguished foreigners. Third, a Shakespeare commemoration to be held in all parts of the world during "the Shakespeare week," 1905 (April 23rd to May 1st), so that a concentrated effort may be made in connection with the commemoration to collect the funds necessary for the memorial.

The last two provisions occasion no difficulty; but that cannot be said of the first, as to which obviously there will be the widest possible differences of opinion, even among those who do not hold that Shakespeare has built himself the only necessary monument in his works. The point is, of course, that the Provisional Committee have set before themselves first, before everything else, the erection of "some such monument as the Albert Memorial," that many people dislike the Albert Memorial, and that many more would rather that, if a monument is to be erected to Shakespeare's memory, it should not take the form of a decorative column or statuary. We are certainly among the latter number ourselves, and think, not only that we are unlikely to get what is wanted if a column or statue is decided upon, but that, even if we were, it would be better to begin by deciding in the first instance for something else. There is, no doubt, a great deal to be said in favor of columns or statues as a means of perpetuating the memories of dead men—nobody who has watched the enthusiasm with which wreaths are sent every year to Trafalgar Square could deny that—and even as to the much-criticised Albert Memorial itself, it is no more than the truth that it has its decorative aspects, though they may not exactly fit their surroundings, and though, in any case, such a monument must be left to be mellowed and graced by the mildew and lichen of time. [How many persons there must be who every year purchase old furniture and old decorative work of all kinds, and who sometimes admire such work simply because it is old, yet who do not reflect that some day the Albert Memorial will be at least interesting simply because it will be old.] There were plenty of people, probably, when King's College Chapel was first built, who thought it something garish and wrong. Not, of course, that the Chapel and the Memorial can be bracketed together; but still, any work of the nature of the Albert Memorial, which is to depend for its artistic value partly

on the effect of time in mellowing its color, must be so strikingly glaring and gilded at first as to appear almost cheap and showy.

But even granting the value of columns and statuary considered as means of perpetuating the memory of the dead, is there no better method of doing honor to Shakespeare's memory than the erection of a column or a statue? In the first place, it must be conceded that British art has not hitherto been conspicuous for its success in statuary work, and that there is, unfortunately, no reason to suppose that it is likely to achieve anything wonderful in the near future. Without going so far as the enthusiastic critic who declared that the best way of celebrating the Diamond Jubilee would be to pull down the Imperial Institute and to bury the statues which at present decorate the interior of Westminster Abbey, it is at least possible to contemplate without dismay the suggestion that a statue of Shakespeare is not the best memorial which could be erected to his memory. And what else, instead of a statue or column, might be built up? In the first place, ought it not to be remembered that the object to aim at is hardly so much to give a living sculptor or architect a chance of doing something "adequate," as to try to ensure that the work and memory of Shakespeare shall be kept green, —preserved, that is, not only before the eyes of those who are least likely to forget him, but in the memory of those who, by the queer chances of life, might not get to knowledge of his mind unless through the means of some public work or monument insistent on their daily attention? If so, then the first thing to do is to bring to the people Shakespeare's thought, not his face. And could that be better done than by erecting a real Shakespearian theatre,—a theatre in which the plays should be acted and the great speeches spoken, year after year, with just, so to speak, the simple setting of the written manuscript? The thought suggests possibilities which are surely not less practicable than they are fascinating. Imagine a building erected in London on some spacious site,—Elizabethan in design, a theatre, and more than a theatre. A library, with the quartos and folios stored so that every Englishman might see them; a reading-room, providing the student with ready reference to every atom of criticism or comment that has been given to the work of the greatest mind of English history; and besides library and reading-room, a theatre endowed with one object,—to bring home Shakespeare's thought to the mind of the people. With that object, the theatre would be provided with funds which would make it possible for a Committee to arrange that once in a certain cycle of time—perhaps, since there are more than thirty plays that could be acted, a year would be too short a space—all the plays which can be acted should be acted. The acting, of course, must be as good as possible; and for that reason it would not be best to endow or provide for a single company of actors,—rather, just as the old Italian signors called for this or that company of players, or, for that matter, just as companies are "commanded" by Royalty to play at Sandringham or Windsor to-day, it should be made possible for the Committee to invite the companies of the London theatres to play *King John* or *The Tempest* or *The Merchant of Venice* for a week or more at the Shakespeare Theatre. That would be done without loss of income to the players, and certainly with immensely increased opportunities of adding to their own reputations,—though that is, to be sure, not the highest aspect of the possibilities involved; still, it would make the theatre attractive. And if such an idea were realized—if, that is,

it should be permanently possible for every British subject to know that to the Shakespeare Theatre he could go any night, and that at the Shakespeare Theatre he would hear Shakespeare's poetry spoken by the best among British actors—who can suppose that there would not be added to British thought an increased appreciation of the greatness of the greatest of English minds? More so, surely, in this way than by the casual glance at a column of statuary, however finely conceived. It must be by the hearing of Shakespeare's own voice, rather than by the contemplation of what may or may not be like Shakespeare's face and figure, that his countrymen can best learn the magnificance of their heritage, and can know something of what Carlyle meant when he asked: "What item," as an ornament to our English household, "is there that we would surrender rather than him? Consider, now, if they asked us"?—and let the reader, for the sake of argument, substitute a Shakespeare Theatre such as we have suggested for Shakespeare himself, and a column or a statue for the glory of the Indian Empire—"Will you give-up your Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakespeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakespeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts for ever with us; we cannot give-up our Shakespeare!" The parallel is not so inexact, applied to Shakespeare seen and Shakespeare heard. Shakespeare heard will last for ever; Shakespeare seen—that is, Shakespeare as represented by a great monument or memorial—is not Shakespeare, but our own modern translation of his spirit into an idol. Which Shakespeare should *the* great memorial bring home to the thought of the inheritors of Shakespeare's kingdom,—the idol or the voice?

That is, we think, the danger which the Committee of the Shakespeare Memorial ought to consider, and no doubt will consider,—whether, in forwarding such ideas as the erection of great statues or memorial buildings, they may not misrepresent the personality of the man to whose work they wish to pay tribute. It would be, after all, so fatally easy to put up an enormously expensive but hopelessly unsatisfactory spectacular memorial to Shakespeare. At the outset, to mention the very first difficulty that occurs, would only British sculptors be allowed to compete in designing a memorial? If so, would it be right to exclude a design proffered by Mr. St. Gaudens because he is an American? The Americans are inheritors of Shakespeare's kingdom just as we are; and yet we suppose that it is likely that British opinion would prefer a British sculptor's work to that of Mr. St. Gaudens, even though the latter might suggest a design more Shakespearian than the other in breadth and nobility of conception. That is only one suggestion as regards the difficulties which are likely to arise if the great memorial is to represent Shakespeare seen rather than Shakespeare heard. There are others which will readily occur. We ourselves, at all events, see much more likelihood of a really satisfactory Shakespeare memorial in something on the lines of a library-theatre than in statuary work, which if it is to stand the test of time is quite likely to displease for the moment, and which in any case we are not likely to get. Whereas Shakespeare spoken, and Shakespeare heard, however worthily or unworthily modern actors may interpret him, is, after all, Shakespeare himself.

The Spectator.

THE TERCENTENARY OF "DON QUIXOTE."

(Published at Madrid, January, 1605.)

Advents we greet of great and small,
Much we extol that may not live,
Yet to the new-born type we give
No care at all!

This year, three centuries past, by age
More maimed than by Lepanto's fight.
This year Cervantes gave to light
His matchless page.

Whence first outrode th' immortal Pair—
The half-crazed Hero and his hind—
To make sad laughter for mankind;
And whence they fare

Throughout all Fiction still, where chance
Allies Life's dulness with its dreams—
Allies what is with what but seems—
Fact and Romance—

O Knight of fire and Squire of earth!
O changing give-and-take between
The aim too high, the aim too mean,
I hail your birth,

Three centuries past, in sunburned Spain,
And hang on Time's Pantheon wall,
My votive tablet to recall
That lasting gain!

The Cornhill Magazine. *Austin Dobson.*

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Servian folk-lore was made accessible to English students a few years ago in Madame Mijatovich's volume of translations, which the late Rev. W. Denton edited; and now Mr. Nutt has a collection of Bulgarian folksongs and folk-proverbs, to be published under the title of "In the Shade of the Balkans." The songs and proverbs have been translated into English verse—chiefly from the collections of P. Slavïekoff—by H. Bernard. Critical introductions have been added to the book by Dr. E. J. Dillon, P. Slavïekoff, and the translator.

Apropos of Mr. Hall Caine's somewhat inconsiderate use of an episode in

Rossetti's life in his latest story, The Academy recalls numerous earlier instances of real people presented in fiction. For example, there is Miss Mowcher in "David Copperfield," Helen Walker and her sister who figure as Jeanie and Effie Deans in the "Heart of Midlothian," the Marquis of Hertford who has an unpleasant immortality as the Marquis of Steyne in "Vanity Fair" and as Lord Monmouth in "Coningsby." Disraeli's novels, "Vivian Grey" in particular, constitute an interesting portrait gallery of the celebrites of the time. First and foremost comes Croker, the Rigby of "Coningsby," then there are Isaac Disraeli as Horace Grey in "Vivian Grey," Byron and Shelley as Cadurcis and Herbert in "Venetia," Lady Blessington as Zenobia and Sarah Disraeli as Myra in "Endymion." Thackeray as St. Barbe in "Lothair," and so on. Lytton, also, makes the great Beau Brummell live again in the pages of "Pelham."

Walter Jerrold, in The Academy, remarks that so many of the references to the books written by the late Lady Dilke have been either vague or incomplete that it may be serviceable to some readers to give a full list of her works—omitting a few pamphlets and similar writings. Her most important books—books indispensable to students of the subject—are those on French art, and especially the notable series of volumes on various manifestations of French art during the eighteenth century, with which the lamented author completed her literary work. Lady Dilke wrote "The Renaissance of Art in France" (1879); "Sir Frederic Leighton," a brief sketch of his life (1882); "Claude Lorrain, sa Vie et ses Œuvres d'après des Documents Inédits" (1884); edited Mark Pattison's "Memoirs" (1885); "The Shrine of Death and Other Stories" (1880); "Art in the Modern State" (1888); "The Shrine of Love and Other Stories" (1891); "French Painters of the Eighteenth Century" (1899); "French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century" (1900); "French Furniture and Decoration in the Eighteenth Century" (1901); "French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the Eighteenth Century" (1902).

A "student of literature" writes to The Academy to protest against the modern system of "literary series" which gives to Thomson, FitzGerald and Sir Thomas Browne the same space in the "English Men of Letters" biographies that is accorded to Milton, Burke or Swift. He adds that all that can be said of Thomson has been already said in Johnson's "Life"; that FitzGerald has filled a few pages with a remarkable paraphrase or summary of a Persian poet; and that Sir Thomas Browne wrote one of those books whose name every one knows and whose contents scarcely any one studies. But another reader of The Academy makes a counter-protest against these views. He reminds the first writer that FitzGerald wrote some of the most genial and graceful letters in the language, and among other things a dialogue, a part of which Tennyson thought to be one of the finest pieces of English prose existing; while, as to Sir Thomas Browne if he had written nothing but "Urn Burial" he would have ranked among the masters of English prose. About Thomson he says nothing; and his letter suggests that he is chiefly interested in FitzGerald and Browne because they were "preeminently stylists." But, notwithstanding all this, there is ground for the view that to give the three writers named as much space as is given the greatest writers of English prose and verse is disproportionate. The evil seems to be inherent in the very essence of a "series," which is uniformity.

CHILD THOUGHTS.

The stars they are like blossoms
And night is heaven's spring;
The angels deck their bosoms,
And circle as they sing.
For maypole they've the moon,
And breezes make the tune;
They've silver for their shoon,
And stars on every wing.

But when above are clouds,
Then all the heaven's a sea;
The stars are ships, whose shrouds
All flutter drearily;
The moon's their port of sail,
That beckons thro' the gale,
With docks of silver mail,
And lamps along the quay.

Wilfrid C. Thorley.

FIRELIGHT.

When winds are chill and the skies are sober,
And clouds lie low on the misty hill,
A lover comes with the gray October
A blank in our empty hearts to fill.

In the ingle she waits with red-gold tresses,
With rosy cheeks and with lips rose-red,
And we stretch our hands to her warm caresses
In days when the drifted leaves lie dead.

Not a thought has she but to do our pleasure,
With flash and sparkle to light our eyes,
To gladden each hour of twilight leisure
With richer dreams than the sunset skies.

She croons to us songs of buried summer
When loud west winds in the chimney hum;
She heralds winter, the proud newcomer,
With blaring bugle and roaring drum.

She peoples the far forgotten ages
With shining legions of horse and foot
Till our hearts forget how they won their wages
Of cold gray ashes and dead-sea fruit.

She builds us castles of golden glory,
And builds them splendid with scarp and tower.—
Yet her sweetest word is her own love-story,
The warmth of her heart at the twilight hour!

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Spectator.

LONDON TOWN.

What do you know of London Town,
Shepherd boy, shepherd boy, bare and brown?
Said the shepherd boy, with his long crook crutch:
"So little I know, and I dream so much,
That across the hills, and the valley down,
I can hear the murmur of London Town."

Little red wall on the pasture ground,
Cound you wind it round, could you wind it round?
Said the little red wall, with its gates set fast:
"It hides so deep, and it lies so vast,
That only the arm of God bent down
Could compass the whole of London Town."

Little white sheep on the windy moor,
Can you show the way to that city's door?
"It lies so far," said the little white sheep,
"That we only travelled there once, in our sleep;
And if any should wish to know the way—
Dear, 'twas only a dream, that we dreamt one day."

Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

Pall Mall Magazine.